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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY, 1936

THE HOUR OF DECISION.—I

Italy, Abyssinia, and Europe

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG, M.P.

THIS is the third week in June, and neither the Council nor the Assembly of the League of Nations meets till the end of the month. Writers in monthly reviews may therefore legitimately complain that the authorities who fix the dates of League meetings have not consulted their convenience. I should, I confess, feel happier in prophesying about the course to be pursued by both these meetings if they had already taken place.

Despite this serious handicap, I shall take my courage in both hands and prophesy boldly that the League will not persist in sanctions against Italy now that the British Government has at last given a lead. The decision of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues remained long in doubt, but meanwhile public opinion had been moving rapidly towards the ending of a process which had manifestly missed its mark. We are a sane if sentimental people, and we are usually ready to accept disagreeable conclusions when there seems to be no escape. The plain fact is that sanctions, after failing first to avert and then to stop the war in Abyssinia, have also failed to prevent a rapid, sweeping, and decisive victory by the Power which defied the Covenant. The continuance of sanctions in their present form would not alter that fact.

For my part, I find it difficult to conceive how sanctions could be pressed to the point of victory after all that has passed. Let us look at Abyssinia first. The Ethiopian Government has ceased to exist, the Emperor is a fugitive, and there is no Power in Europe, Africa, or Asia ready to undertake the task of ejecting

the victorious Italian troops. Little wonder. The conquest of Ethiopia against weak and untrained defenders with defective equipment and supplies was difficult enough. The whole world was, in fact, amazed by the suddenness and completeness of the Italian success. Abyssinia now has an organized and most powerfully equipped defender, and the difficulties of the country which the Italians have overcome will henceforth be mighty assets in favour of their defence.

What, then, could the League do? Invite its members, or those very few who have the means, to stop the communications between Italy and Africa, and thus to isolate the Italian administration which has displaced the old Ethiopian Government? That is at least a practicable course; but what would be its results?

In Abyssinia, without question, chaos and a great increase of suffering. I do not know to what extent the Italian forces in Abyssinia are now living upon the country, but the probability is that they still depend to some considerable extent on imported supplies. There may be reserves of foodstuffs and petrol in Eritrea. But if once the Italian Army in Abyssinia were cut off from its base in Italy, the commanders on the spot would be bound to take every possible precaution against a shortage of supplies. The only precaution in fact available to them would be to secure what foodstuffs might be available in Abyssinia itself in the shape of livestock, fruit, and grain. Necessity knows no law. If our sentimentalists in this country imagine that they would be thanked by the peoples of Abyssinia for forcing such precautions upon the Italian administration, they should think again. I cannot personally imagine a more cruel form of patronage, except that of which we have already been guilty, namely, of encouraging the Abyssinian people to resist and then leaving them in the lurch.

The advocates of this policy may attempt to escape from the difficulty by contending that the blockade of Italian communications would be of short duration, that Italy would soon collapse, and that communications would then be immediately restored. What do they mean? Are they, when Italy collapses, going to restore the Negus to control of his former dominions? If so, they will need a European army of some sort to bring it about,

for nothing short of sustained and irresistible force will persuade the peoples of Abyssinia to accept again a ruler who led them to defeat and then abandoned them. I am by no means disparaging the late Emperor of Ethiopia. There were serious blots upon his personal record and also upon his administration, but he deserves recognition for an honest and courageous attempt to improve the system under which his peoples suffered and the conditions of life which they endured. But nothing except irresistible compulsion will ever prevail upon a fighting people, whose whole tradition lies in fighting for supremacy and loot, to take back a leader who has led them to defeat and then departed from them. I very much doubt whether his nearest subjects of Amharic race would welcome his return, and I am quite certain that amongst the subject tribes everything would depend upon the European support and control which stood behind him.

What Power will volunteer to do this for the League at its own sole cost? It must be a Great Power, with very submissive or else very gullible taxpayers, for the cost would be heavy, and the other members of the League would not be likely to raise a subscription from their own national treasuries to assist a Great Power in discharging the task. Italy being excluded, there remain of the Great Powers capable of such an undertaking Britain, France, Germany, Russia, the United States, and Japan. It is really unthinkable that Britain should move the League to drive Italy out of Abyssinia in order to take charge of that territory herself. It would be too cynical, and she has enough responsibility already. France also has enough already, not only abroad but at home. None of the four remaining Great Powers is a member of the League, excepting Russia, and I cannot imagine the League entrusting such a task to Russia, nor Russia accepting such a task from the League. What, then, would remain? Only a condominium in the name of the League, which also would cost a great deal unless it were to begin by levying cruel taxation from the already hard-hit population. Who would finance such an undertaking? Who but impenitent doctrinaires could recommend it?

The intensification of sanctions by the rupture of Italian communications with East Africa could not, then, do any good

to Abyssinia ; on the contrary, it would long delay the establishment of decent administration and add enormously to the hardships already inflicted upon the Abyssinian peoples. Some better alternative must be found if we are to be guided by any sincere regard for their welfare, and of such alternatives one only is practicable. It is to make of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia an opportunity for strengthening and enlarging the slowly built up code by which we have, for half a century at least, striven to regulate European imperialism in Africa. The only security for peaceful progress in Africa is genuine co-operation on established principles between the European Powers on whom depends the future of that continent. There have been many set-backs to such co-operation since it was first initiated by Lord Salisbury's statesmanship in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but despite the setbacks steady progress has been made. From a long and complicated history I detach two salient landmarks. The first is the Brussels Convention of 1885, which registered agreement on three essential points—that slavery should be suppressed, that neither arms nor drink should be sold to African natives, and that the European Powers should pursue no further projects of expansion without informing and consulting each other. The other and greater landmark is Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the principles of administration agreed between the Powers as the basis of the African mandates. Broadly summarized, the mandate principles are three—(1) that government should aim, first and foremost, at the welfare of the governed ; (2) that native troops should be armed and used only for the maintenance of internal security ; and (3) that all Powers should have equal opportunities for trade in the mandated territories.

From the standpoint of African welfare, which we are not entitled to subordinate to European dissension, nothing is more important than the application of these mandate principles to the government of Abyssinia. If that is secured, moreover, the Abyssinian peoples will never regret the Italian conquest ; on the contrary, they will have reason to be thankful for it as the beginning of a new and better dispensation. Fortunately, there is every sign that the Duce means to follow that course and to work for European co-operation rather than

for European rivalry in Africa. He has already by decree abolished slavery, and may be trusted to pursue the difficult task of making the decree a reality.

Writers of experience have contended in the English Press that there is no room for any extensive settlement in Abyssinia. The future will probably astonish them. Italian peasants are much better fitted for the task than colonists of our race or of any northern stock. I have seen Italians working, hatless and stripped to the waist, under a tropical sun without any sign of fatigue or discomfort. Italian medical science has proved most successful in the Abyssinian campaign, and there has been an extraordinarily low rate of casualties from malaria, enteric and dysentery, for which a new compound serum is believed to be responsible. There is much land suitable for settlement, with a very small native population, in the southern Abyssinian highlands. Peasant farmers from the South of Italy or from Sicily have been accustomed for generations to wringing a living from a small patch of scanty soil. Their needs are few, and they are hardy and vigorous. To such colonists the prospect of settling in the fertile highlands of Abyssinia will seem like the promise of a new and much less precarious existence. Many will live upon the land itself, with little need of the commodities which must be bought by export; others will no doubt grow for export such crops as coffee, which is greatly needed in Italy. With a new population of its own colonists thriving and multiplying under its hand, the Italian administration will have no need for native troops, even for internal security. Its chief difficulty indeed may lie in finding and taking possession of the modern weapons which the natives have recently acquired in large quantities.

In other directions, such as the exploitation of minerals, the Italian Government will need the co-operation of other Powers, and it would be very ill-advised to drive them into needless antagonism. I do not doubt, moreover, that it will do its utmost for the welfare and contentment of the native population. Not that its system of administration is not likely to differ widely from ours in essential particulars. Just as the French have pursued their own methods and ideals in Africa, so will the Italians. Fascist Italy cannot be expected to abandon its Fascist code in Abyssinia. It will be deeply interesting to see whether

it sets aside large areas as native reserves, while opening others to settlement, and also whether in the native reserves it seeks to set up the method of indirect rule and to preserve native institutions. Our experience in such things may have considerable influence, if we choose to make friendly use of it; and the Italian administration itself, if it is wise, will take measures from the very outset to avert all possibility of having to deal in the future with a growing mass of landless, detribalized and discontented Africans.

Signor Mussolini's own recent utterances leave no room for doubt that he understands the danger with which anger and unrest in Africa and the Middle East may confront a divided Europe. Our European civilization is in essentials one, however little we may seem at times to realize it. The schism of Europe in the Great War weakened it disastrously; the conflict over Abyssinia has continued the process, British and French prestige having naturally suffered more than any other—as witness the present effervescence of Arab feeling in Palestine. Even Italy, which has gained in prestige for the moment, stands to suffer as much as the rest of us by a protraction of conflict between the standard-bearers of European authority. Mussolini is therefore right. There is no peace upon that road, nor anything but a vista of trouble and unrest leading to who knows what consequences.

There are many people of deep sincerity and wide influence who will regard this argument as intolerable. Quite apart from the European aspect of the controversy between Italy and the League, they will protest that the Ethiopian Government of Abyssinia had an indefeasible right to protection, and that the conquest of Ethiopia can never, even in African eyes, be anything but a blot upon European civilization. I appreciate the deep feeling which inspires this standpoint, but I question its interpretation of African mentality. Africans of the tribal sort are not likely to see much difference between poison gas and the other weapons used by European imperialism; to the simple native, these manifestations are all part of the potent magic or medicine by which European control has been established, and there is nothing in his primitive code to make him distinguish between them. What will chiefly impress him about the Italian

use of such medicine is that once again it has proved instantaneously and irresistibly successful. It is therefore not to be supposed that the sweeping triumph of the Roman arms has had any other effect upon Central Africa than that produced in the past by similar manifestations of European power. There is no sign in any case that either in Africa or the Middle East our own prestige has been enhanced by our support of the Ethiopian Government, or Italian prestige reduced by its victory over it. The precise contrary has actually happened, whatever we ourselves may think about it.

It is moreover useless now to lament the fact that day by day Italian transports entered the Suez Canal under the guns of the British fleet. The Italian conquest of Abyssinia is an accomplished fact. Having permitted it, we cannot now, as I have endeavoured to show, annul it. Our duty in these circumstances, as trustees for the peace and welfare of many millions of Africans, is not to think of our own *amour propre* but of the future of Africa. To make Africa the cockpit of further European controversy and to force new generations of Africans to suffer for the sins of Europe would be not only insensate but criminal. We have enough to retrieve and redeem already. I cannot see right or justice in any course of action but that of recognizing the accomplished fact and making the best of it from the standpoint of Europe's vast responsibilities in the African continent. Whatever may be our disagreements in Europe, let us keep them to the northern side of the Mediterranean. European civilization, with all the crimes and follies of the past upon it, has undertaken and cannot abdicate from the task of building up a future of real progress and betterment for the African peoples. It cannot succeed in that task, it can only fail disastrously both for itself and Africa, if the Powers which represent it will not at long last work together from the Red Sea to the Cape and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

There is accordingly no case, as it seems to me, for the intensification of sanctions from the standpoint of Africa. The other two considerations which have to be weighed are the peace of Europe and the future of the League. Both are momentous and both most controversial, and I have no space for anything but a brief comment upon them.

Ethiopia's case before the League has always been based in the main on Article 10 of the Covenant, under which the members of the League "undertake to respect and preserve, as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political integrity of all Members of the League." It has been widely held throughout the Empire for many years past that this obligation is too absolute, and at the very outset of the League's existence, in 1919, Sir Robert Borden, who represented Canada at the Peace Conference, forcibly emphasized the objections to it. Under it, he argued, the signatories of the Covenant were in effect "called upon to declare (*a*) that all existing territorial delimitations are just and expedient; (*b*) that they will continue indefinitely to be just and expedient; (*c*) that the signatories will be responsible therefor." Such an undertaking he considered far too wide and too rigid. "It is impossible," he said, "to forecast the future. There may be national aspirations to which the provisions of the Peace Treaty will not do justice and which cannot be permanently repressed."

Sir Robert's prescience has been proved to the hilt in the last few years, for he put his finger unerringly upon the fundamental consideration which has led Japan, Germany, and Italy successively to quarrel with the League. On a literal reading of Article 10, Japan's legitimate claims upon Manchuria and Italy's equally legitimate claims upon Abyssinia were beyond any solution by the League which either could afford to accept. Both, therefore, concluding that they could not obtain a just or workable or permanent solution under the formularies of the League, defied the League and broke the Covenant. We are told nevertheless that if only the Covenant could now, however tardily, be vindicated against Italy, the League would be immeasurably fortified and Germany would return to it. That is the very converse of the truth, for Germany would inevitably be confirmed in the belief that what she regards as her national rights are incompatible with the Covenant. I can see no more certain way of aligning the Great Powers in two rival groups, League and anti-League, and making war between them inevitable.

Let there be no doubt about it. If we are to intensify sanctions against Italy on the ground that the League must defend the "territorial integrity and political independence" of every

single one of its members, we shall divide Europe into embattled camps, whatever the immediate result of the struggle between the League and Italy. It is therefore not upon the success or failure of Article 16, the sanctions article, that the peace of Europe turns, but rather upon the sacrosanctity or otherwise of Article 10, the *status quo* article. To persist in our present interpretation of Article 10, despite the considerations so wisely pointed out seventeen years ago by Sir Robert Borden, is to seek to put the world in a strait jacket, to dam the forces of change and evolution, and to make an ultimate explosion certain. Some escape from that folly is vital ; but if we are to insist that every individual member of the League is guaranteed by Article 10 against any change of status or boundaries, no escape is possible, for every member, whatever its character, will have a *liberum veto* upon change which all the forces of the League cannot legally compel it to abandon. The triumph of the League over Italy in the name of Article 10 would thus mean, however we might choose to ignore it, the encirclement of Germany.

Fortunately the Covenant itself, if we will read it as a whole, provides the solution. In Article 19 it is laid down that

> " The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."

Unhappily this Article has been allowed to become a dead letter. The true moral of the League's failure with regard both to Manchuria and to Abyssinia is that the Covenant has developed a bias in favour of the *status quo* which itself requires drastic revision. If, therefore, the Assembly is to do its duty by the League at its meeting called for June 30th, it will advise that the salutary " consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world " enjoined by Article 19 shall be directed at once to the international conditions created by Article 10. This is the crux of the situation which will have to be faced at Geneva in the next few days, and I trust with all my heart that, by the time this article is printed, our representatives there will already have called attention to it.

The truth is that the controversy between the League and Italy over Abyssinia has become a test case for League principles in a far wider sense than our out-and-out sanctionists appreciate. When Mussolini declares that Italy will leave the League, like Japan and Germany, if sanctions are maintained against her, he has this wider issue in mind and he will unquestionably stand by his declaration. The fundamental question to be faced, therefore, is not Italy's defiance of the Covenant but the justice, as we have recently interpreted it, of the Covenant itself. Is Sir Robert's prescient warning to be taken to heart at long last by the Members of the League, or is it not? It is on this question, this and nothing less, that the future of the League and the peace of Europe depend. Italy's case against our present reading of League principles is in essentials the same as Germany's and Japan's. If we are to harden our hearts and make broad our phylacteries against Italy, we shall in that same action be decreeing the permanent encirclement of Germany and the permanent ostracism of Japan. Whatever may be in store for Europe on that road, it is not peace; it is war and war and war.

The coming hour of decision is therefore as grave as any passing moment in human history can be. If European civilization is to be divided against itself on the question whether or not every existing sovereignty is to be stereotyped for all time, it will seal its own doom. Those of us who wish to correct the present bias of the Covenant are by now accustomed to be told that our real object is to destroy the League, and our Government will no doubt be denounced in similar terms if it sets its face against the penal use of sanctions and works for a better understanding between the four Great Powers, France, Germany, Italy and ourselves, upon whose relations the future of European civilization depends. Everything that is now said in favour of ostracizing Italy was, however, said in favour of punishing Germany and hanging the Kaiser seventeen years ago. Let our Ministers ignore this hysteria. We have not yet finished paying for the extravagances of the last fit, and we cannot afford to add to the bill.

THE HOUR OF DECISION—II

A New Plan for Collective Security

By Lord Allen of Hurtwood

THE issue of world peace and Britain's own safety were never more at stake than they will be when the League Assembly gathers at the end of June.

The following article makes an attempt to set down in precise and workmanlike form what I believe should now be done to restore the international situation and re-establish peace in Europe.

The decision at Geneva will be concerned with a particular incident—aggression in Abyssinia. But it will bear no less upon the future of the League; its structure, its prestige, and its power to cope with other acts of aggression, which may threaten Europe.

I want to challenge those who read this article, as though they were members of the League Council itself. Do we mean something or nothing, when we speak of our belief in "collective security" through the League? Our own country's safety and the world's peace demand reality behind that phrase. We do more harm by leaving it vague, than if we had never used it at all. I shall try in this article to face all the intricate political problems which it involves, realistically. I shall not burke the changed conditions of the present, the gaps in the League's membership, or the grave worsening of the situation. But I must begin by laying emphasis upon the importance of the right psychological approach to the problem.

In foreign policy, the manner in which proposals are made can be as important as the proposals themselves. For centuries civilized man has striven to abolish war. I do not believe that the world, torn and anxious as it now is, divided between dictatorship and democracy, can remove the dangers of war by methods of political expediency, which are directed to a succession of separate incidents. Dynamic leadership covering the whole field is indispensable—and more realistic than any of the blinkered realism of skilful Foreign Office calculations.

That in my judgment is the key to the series of immediate decisions that have now to be taken. I cannot state it too emphatically. Our world has become too broken to be rebuilt stone by stone. No country will have sufficient confidence now to lay those individual stones, until the plan of the building is put before their eyes ; they will not have the will-power nor the assurance to undertake what, in the absence of that working plan, can only seem clear risks and hopeless tasks. Unless we approach our problems on that plane, comprehensively, I say with all deliberation that we cannot save ourselves.

To put it in other words, I mean that there is no longer any working alternative to the complete scheme for collective security as originally intended ; the League, the whole League, and nothing but the League.

It is not realistic to call upon us to rivet our attention upon separate incidents in Memel, on the Rhine, in Austria, Abyssinia or the Balkans. It is not realistic so to reorganize the League as to weaken its original intention, modify its methods and limit its functions, whether geographically or in procedure. That would not be even a second-best way of avoiding war ; it would smash the conception of international collaboration and make war inevitable. It is the time factor that will decide the issue. We have not time to take any of the lesser steps. Either we go back now to the League as it was meant to be, and reveal this to the eyes of the whole world, its individual citizens, its dictators, and its Powers great and small. Or we perish.

We must not be misled by the myth that we British need only think of the Channel ports and the Rhine, to establish peace and justice in the world. If we fail in our duty on the wider front today, we may find tomorrow that our betrayal of world justice has brought our own national safety to an end. And maybe driven democracy out of the world.

Do we then mean anything by this phrase " collective security " ? Are we prepared to give it life ?

Here are two quotations from two British Foreign Ministers :

Sir John Simon : referring to clause 9 of Memorandum on Disarmament, January 29th, 1934.

" I may be asked : Is this a new commitment ? If by a " new commitment " is meant a new undertaking given in advance to adopt a definite

repressive action in ignorance of the circumstances hereafter arising which may be alleged to call for it, the answer is "No." This country will do its utmost faithfully to fulfil any obligations. . . . But it is not the Anglo-Saxon habit—that applies to America as well as to ourselves—to make defined engagements for undefined circumstances."

Sir Samuel Hoare: September 11th, 1935.

"In conformity with its precise, explicit obligations the League stands—and my country stands with it—for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and particularly for steady, collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression . . . that is no variable, unreliable sentiment, but a principle of international conduct to which they and their government hold with firm enduring, universal persistence."

Which of these statements now represents British policy? To give our nation full credit, let me assume that it is the last; and let me remind readers of the remarkable manner in which that comprehensive speech of Sir Samuel Hoare's rekindled the League idea throughout the whole world. What then did he mean by that notable declaration? Both for the sake of our own public, and for the sake of our fellow nations, we must have a definite answer.

First, for our own public. As compared with 1914, it is alert and informed; its rejection of the Hoare-Laval peace proposals showed the quality and sincerity of its new conviction. But it is becoming bewildered just now amid a confusion of expert counsels. It is for the Government to put an end to such dangerous uncertainty.

It would almost be better to give up talking of the League and collective security, than to continue lip-service for a conception to which we refuse life and precision. Vagueness breeds alarm and then panic.

Statesmen here and abroad are always asking: "Will the public stand for this or that?" We shall never know, unless the statesmen are prepared to submit a policy on merits for public consideration. There is then this passionate will for peace; but just because it is so emotional a force, if it is not canalized into precise outlets, it can only end by snapping back into terror. And so I cannot agree with those pacifists whose only response to this new and hopeful emotion of peace, is to offer a negative policy or one whose practical results cannot come in time to avert an explosion. That policy will not reach the heart of a public crying out for security.

Similarly in relation to our fellow nations. We cannot, for example, continue to be the centre of an armed Empire and remain vague as to our military commitments. It was vagueness that led Japan and Italy to call the bluff ; that has so far caused Germany to refuse to commit herself to the protection of law, which Europe needs so urgently to prevent catastrophe ; that made France feel misunderstood and started her on the slippery slope to second-best forms of security, never really desired by Frenchmen, and ending in confusion worse confounded. Let us at least have an end to vagueness. Let the Government give up saying at one moment that this nation accepts the principle of force as part of the Covenant of the League and must therefore rearm in order to be equipped to take its part in the collective system ; at the next moment that if force is used under the League, we shall only create a super-State and turn all wars into world wars. Either the Government does not accept armed force as an integral part of the League ; in that case it should return to armed alliances and be ready for the old form of anarchic war. Or it does mean that armed force should in the last resort be at the service of the League ; in that case it should stop alarmist talk of world-wars, and take practical steps to make collective force a workmanlike reality.

We face then the same task that faced us in 1919 when the League Covenant was drafted. But our approach to it cannot be the same, because mistakes have been made on all sides in the last seventeen years, and a situation has developed that could have been avoided, but must none the less be faced. Fear is everywhere. Until we publicly advocate certain immediate decisions to allay it, we shall get no chance of taking the more fruitful steps, on which lasting peace and confidence depend. We need an interim policy and a long distance policy, and we need them at the same time. We need to proffer simultaneously our immediate proposals for the situation of 1936, and our ultimate intentions, in one and the same statement. That is the key to our problem.

The German and the French proposals are too much disposed to take cover in dialectics. We need something more than that. Realism does not mean we should only say what we will do forthwith on the Rhine, or in Abyssinia ; *or* what we would do

in a world that had abolished sovereign independence, redistributed raw materials, and made final decisions about colonial territories. It requires both those approaches, in strict combination. It means that the only way to pull the nations up before they have rushed into war either in Eastern Europe or North Africa, is for some great country to put forward a statement of intentions on every outstanding issue, for joint consideration and joint action ; as morally challenging and as intellectually formidable as the Fourteen Points of President Wilson. And for every reason that country must be our own.

For these purposes the only form of realism demands that we should give life to the League system of collective security. That improvements could and should be made in many of the Articles of the Covenant has long been known. But even as they stand, those Articles could solve every one of our immediate problems—if we chose. It was no fault in the Covenant that caused us to deal with German Reparations too late ; or to withhold equality from German Democracy, conceding it later to Dictatorship ; it was failure in human will-power and human judgment at the critical moment of time.

It would only be possible to confine the League to the functions of conciliation and discussion, dispensing with any collective policy for dealing with the use of force, if there were no armaments in the world. While the armaments remain, a collective policy for conciliation without a collective policy upon the use of that armed force, could only mean an arms race in the background, overshadowing and then destroying joint discussion. Hence the framing of the Covenant in recognition of this fact.

In an armed world, in a world above all of aerial armaments, collective security is the only security left to us. How then to make it real ?

No World Conference is among the immediate possibilities, but preparations for that conference are essential. We shall presently need a Peace Conference to replace the War Conference of Versailles. Sir Samuel Hoare touched on some fundamental economic problems in September, 1935. To have failed to follow up that speech was a grave folly. It is unsafe to open such a door a little way, and leave the nations peering through it.

I want Great Britain, then, to submit not an ultimatum of proposals that cannot be modified, but a comprehensive plan for discussion, covering all the related points.

Even as it is, Germany has delayed her reply to the new British Questionnaire in order to see how the League cat intends to jump in Abyssinia. Italy remains intransigent, waiting to see whether Germany will come back into the League. The nations of the Balkans and the Little Entente are hurrying to cover, first in this grouping and then in that. Russia may refuse to commit herself in the Mediterranean, not knowing the British attitude in Europe. Unless we act and stop the rot, the disintegration will go on, until a revolution here or a *coup d'état* there upsets the delicate balance with the chance explosion of an assassin's machine-gun or a desperado's bomb.

Here then is a draft agenda which I have already placed before the International Peace Conference :

1. The first and foremost item should be in favour of setting up a Fact-Finding Commission, to deal with the problem of change by peaceful means, and the consideration of revisions in the *status quo* both territorial and economic. We should also declare our desire to expedite all those functions of the League, which would promote social and economic co-operation, ranging from a Low Tariff Group open to all nations, and culminating in the work of the International Labour Office. The question of Colonial Mandates must be frankly discussed by this Commission.

2. The second declaration should be in favour of establishing absolute equality in rights and armaments for Germany and her Allies in the late War.

3. The third is a proposal, having regard to the first two items, that for a fixed period of time, maybe for a year, all European nations will attempt no change by force direct or indirect and will jointly protect the truce by every means including, if necessary, military action as laid down in Annexe (F) of Locarno.

4. The fourth is that we should not recognize the *fait accompli* in Abyssinia. We must scrupulously avoid inflicting vindictive sanctions on Italy, and hold out the hand of reconciliation. But we must continue to refuse financial credits or to trade with that country, unless she will come to the conference table and agree that the settlement of the Abyssinian dispute shall be under the auspices of the League. We must be non-co-operators with the Aggressor. This is indispensable, both for the sake of the League's prestige, which involves the cause of international peace, and for the future of the other vital negotiations now taking place with Germany.

5. The fifth is that we should, during this interim stage of negotiations, honour our obligations under the Locarno Treaty, on the clear understanding that France will full-heartedly enter into discussions, which will aim at both granting absolute equality to Germany and providing a

thoroughly workmanlike system for the security of the whole of Europe.

6. The sixth is that we should organize to *prevent* war, and not merely try to deal with it after it has broken out. This requires a preliminary declaration by Britain as to what she would be prepared to do in common with other nations, provided the negotiations with Germany ultimately reached success. This preliminary declaration should re-affirm in absolutely clear terms that in the event of a satisfactory settlement being come to in Europe, we should then be prepared, if others also agreed, to protect by all means, including force in the last resort, the Agreement we all signed. It is essential to make that declaration of intention *now* at the opening of the negotiations, in order to help those negotiations to succeed. If it is not made at this early stage, no nation will play a frank part in the discussions, because we shall all be in doubt as to whether in the end the agreement come to will be protected. If there is doubt on this question, France will not recognize equality for Germany, whilst Germany for her part will only propose bilateral pacts of non-aggression—a meaningless formula, which will induce nothing from any nation that may be called upon to revise a treaty. To call out Germany's sincerity, to give confidence to the smaller nations, and to carry France along with us, that declaration of intention must be made now and implemented later when the agreement is finally ready.

7. The form of collective security we must declare our willingness to sign must be general for Europe, and not regional. No such joint collective guarantee can be given or even envisaged upon any other terms than that the agreement shall grant equality, remove grievances, and provide a continuing machinery to consider the different circumstances of all nations who accept this new settlement, whatever their past history or troubles may have been. They must declare that they agree that this new settlement brings to an end any reserved right to break the peace by self-judged decision. If this is understood to be the quality of the new agreement, then we can make our declaration proposing collective action throughout the whole of Europe. You cannot leave the peace to be protected by regional groupings of those particular Powers only which are most likely to be involved in disputes that may arise in their own regions. Nor can you decide to protect your trade route to India, but only declare your hand upon the Rhine. Still less can you become involved in a Western regional pact which allows any one of its members to straddle across into an East European pact. In any of these circumstances regional pacts will become death-traps, and far more dangerous than a fully worked out European general system of collective security.

8. Participation in this new European system shall require immediate steps to be taken so that the contribution of each nation to collective security shall be known and worked out in advance. It should not be left to result from hurried consultations after a breach of the peace has taken place. Naturally we shall hope that economic pressure would suffice. But no nation will feel confident in disarming and relying upon economic action against an aggressor unless military sanctions are also available. To get one sanction used, all must be admitted. When all sanctions are known to be available, none will have to be used.

9. I doubt whether we can avoid rearmament during these negotiations, and I think the Peace Movement should admit this, and concentrate not upon attacking rearmament, but on demanding a workmanlike system of collective security. But at the date of signing the new agreement, a truce in armaments should be called to enable a resumption of the Disarmament Conference to take place with real hope of success. This should culminate in the international supervision of the Disarmament Agreement.

10. Commissions should then be set up to reconsider the Articles of the Covenant, and to take into account the varied proposals that have already been made for improving its structure and procedure.

11. A World Conference to consider economic and colonial questions should ultimately follow the Fact-Finding Commission contemplated in proposal No. 1, and to this America should be invited as a participant or an observer. We should all recognize that America would certainly not insist upon exercising her neutrality rights, when once a final settlement of Europe had been come to and mutually protected under League Authority.

Will the public stand for all this? On two assumptions, though on no others, yes.

1. That the electors see a clear picture of the whole intention. For them it is the small and isolated proposal which is bewildering. The British elector, like the French peasant, even though he still believes in armaments, yet hates to think of fighting or using those arms. The British public will not march for Memel, Austria or any other isolated area or incident, so long as there is no final settlement. They will prefer to draw back even into the terrible perils of armed isolation, rather than become entangled in separate incidents. But the public, so long as it retains a belief in armaments, will fight for a general and effective defence of law and justice, if once the whole plan is put to them in clear and workmanlike fashion, ensuring their own safety as well as that of other nations. It is not commitments the public dislike, but entanglements.

2. The second assumption is that every other European country shall engage itself to do the same, and by joint preparation from now onwards prove that it means to honour its intentions. Let the individual citizen become as sure of the reliability of the collective system as he has been of the old out-of-date system of isolated action, and he will fight for the one as he has fought for the other. And then indeed he will not need to fight at all. For once

the system has become predictable, no nation will break the law, and there will be no more war.

The alternative? A grim alliance between the pacifist and the armed isolationist. The League will perish between the upper millstone of pacifism and the lower millstone of military preparedness for war in isolation. But the victor will not be the pacifist, when the new threat of war comes. It will be the Fascist, the gangster, the true militarist, who once the League has gone, will ride to power upon the fear, terror, and hatred of a confused and frightened public. Reason, tolerance, and compassion will go under in that tide of emotion. The chance for the flowering of true pacifism will have vanished. The arms race will see us over the precipice. Our generation will not know opportunity again.

I have always been a pacifist. I ask no protection from armed force, whether national or collective. Like the Quaker, I cannot take part in it. I want to see my nation leading the world unarmed, in the social services of peace and mutual economic assistance. I do not believe an unarmed Power would be a universal victim, for it would no longer be feared as a possible menace to its neighbours. But the world has not yet come to this view. It has, however, renounced war as an instrument of national policy. It is good that the pacifist should persevere, preaching his creed in season and out. But he should not impede the collective system of the League. If there are any two vital needs at this anxious moment of time, they are:

1. That the pacifist should preach his pacifism, and develop its constructive programme, *without attacking the League*; and

2. That our country should demonstrate how to make the collective system a living reality both in maintaining law and in expediting change by peaceful means.

In no other way can I see any hope of restraining, before it is too late, the fears which now haunt the heart of every nation. In no other way can I see how an interval of time can be provided, sufficient to bring victor and vanquished into friendly companionship, and to set us on the road to merciful dealings with each other. Unless we now give life to the League, peace and democracy will perish.

G. K. CHESTERTON

By S. K. Ratcliffe

A DOZEN glorious years in London were the fortune of Gilbert Chesterton as writer and fighter. He was an unparalleled apparition. The man himself at thirty was a wonder. The game he played was his own invention, as was his style, while the gusto he threw into living and writing, keeping it up until the experiences, physical and spiritual, which shook him in early middle age, belonged to himself alone. He was a metropolitan product. Growing up in the London of the 1880's, his mind and habit were formed in the decade which contained the death of Tennyson and Gladstone, the eclipse of Oscar Wilde, the apotheosis of Rudyard Kipling and the fall of Cecil Rhodes. For the young Chesterton the Boer War was a godsend. It provided him with a crusading motive and an inexhaustible topic. It brought him, in Hilaire Belloc, an inseparable companion, a mentor and a lifelong ally.

The initials G. K. C. under verses and reviews signalled the advent of a new force. This was in the first dismal year of the South African campaign when, naturally enough, one was quick to catch an anti-Kipling note in rhyme and the gallant accent of youth in an assault upon Chamberlain and Milner. Chesterton at twenty-seven was full grown, and no young champion was ever more ready to knock over a popular idol, the more imposing the better. From the *Speaker* he expanded into the *Daily News*, which after a brief interval in the hands of R. C. Lehmann was then starting afresh under A. G. Gardiner. A morning paper at the end of the nineteenth century would still print a speech—by the Duke of Devonshire, for example—in three columns of unbroken small type. Forty years ago that was supposed to be news. But Massingham's *Daily Chronicle* and the remodelled *Daily News* had broken away from this odd convention, and G. K. Chesterton was allowed to throw himself over an equiva-

lent space in a gorgeous improvisation upon an author or his book. Here was richness !

One could not paint what then he was. In a surprisingly short time Chesterton became a legend of literary London. Everything about him lent itself to the making of a myth, beginning with his height and girth. He made a splendid or grotesque contrast to any companion or antagonist. His bulk was a continual jest to himself—as when, in reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's remark that a procession of the animals he had not eaten would follow his hearse, Chesterton said he would be ready to attend and express his gratitude to an elder contemporary in the guise of an elephant. His great head had a crown of curls upon which a soft hat, never quite large enough, was tilted. His clothes were shocking. He continued to wear an Inverness cloak long after the fashion had been abandoned by the actors. He hailed a hansom anywhere. A chuckle preluded his jokes, and his voice had an amusing high note (the much deeper tone of his utterance at the microphone, when long afterwards he revealed himself as a successful broadcaster, was a surprise to his old friends). His good temper, high spirits, and generosity were superb. Nothing in the least resembling his brilliance and resource in conversation had hitherto been known. He was incessantly debating and contradicting. He awoke every morning, as Mr. Robert Lynd has it, hoping to find plenty of good causes to fight for. He knew there could be no lack of heads to punch on any day.

It happened that in the years which followed his early successes there was a widespread revival of public debate. Chesterton at his best was a delight on the platform, and so long as he lived in London he was ready for any encounter, particularly with a leading Socialist or Secularist. A prolonged argument on the truth of Christianity with Robert Blatchford had to be conducted on paper, for the Editor of the *Clarion*, who had then an immense following, was no speaker. For the rest, Chesterton was equal to any opponent. He could turn almost any blow and he wisely avoided facts, well knowing his own weakness. You could not call him an unfair fighter, but he habitually evaded the point by an audacious quip to which no retort was possible. The one antagonist, I believe, who was too much

for him on the platform was Bernard Shaw, for whose intellect and skill he had an enormous respect. I heard many of those debates and recall one evening in particular—at the Memorial Hall, 25 years ago—as the highwater-mark of a period which must be unique in this respect, that a number of its ablest journalist-authors were masters of the spoken hardly less than of the written word.

To the *Daily News* Chesterton was indebted for the pulpit by means of which he established himself as a popular philosopher. From the review columns, where he enjoyed a generous allowance of space, he was transferred to the leader page, and there for ten years his weekly column appeared. His choice of topic was unhampered—from first to last Chesterton had luck with his editors; he was permitted to turn anything into Saturday copy. His exuberance and his whimsies had the freest scope. Political comment was in no wise restricted. In a Liberal paper, and at a time when party loyalty was commonly demanded, Chesterton could tilt at prominent Liberals and ridicule their tenets or measures. For a while, however, he was sufficiently orthodox—as for instance, on Ireland and the House of Lords. He lived in Battersea, would defend the borough and its park, and fling gibes across the river at Chelsea. He took pride in voting for John Burns. When Mr. Burns, in 1910, re-entered the House with a majority of 665, Chesterton announced that the figure was exactly right: "666 was the mark of the Beast; 665 is the mark of the Man." It was soon after this that Chesterton left his Battersea flat and gave up residence in London, to which he so undeniably belonged. For the twenty-five years that remained to him he lived in the Chilterns at Beaconsfield, which village he saw develop into a satellite town on the outer rim of what his favourite Cobbett called the Great Wen. His removal to the country was not an insignificant event. Chesterton, just under forty, had suffered an exhausting illness, and thereafter (I do not lay stress upon the coincidence) he drew away from the democratic Liberalism of his youth, became decidedly more cranky, and embraced altogether the view of politics, society, and ethics which were identified at that time chiefly with the name of Hilaire Belloc.

One unavoidable result of this development was a break with

the *Daily News*. The occasion was furnished by a little adventure in the Bellocian weekly, the *New Witness*, to which G. K. C. contributed the diverting rhymes which later found a place in *The Flying Inn*—a story, by the bye, which, as I noticed, almost escaped mention in the obituaries, although some of my young friends insist that it belongs to the best of Chesterton and is the most delightful fantasia of the time. In this series the Ballade of Strange Drinks was fatal :

Feast on wine or fast on water
And your honour shall stand sure—
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure :
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink. . . .

Tea is like the East he grows in,
A great yellow mandarin,
With urbanity of manner
And unconsciousness of sin. . . .

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman at least
Cocoa is a cad and coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast ; . . .
Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling cad and clown . . .

And so on: a hot draught as we may admit, and likely enough to facilitate the closing of relations with the leading newspaper of a certain group. Chesterton had been treated with the greatest consideration. No journalist in London at that time, I should say, enjoyed an equal liberty of criticism and jest. He was the loser by this breach. Surrendering his great audience, he had to wait twenty years for an opportunity to address the greatest of all—over the air. His most surprising feat in journalism was the causerie in the *Illustrated London News*. He began it before the War and held it until the end. In other words, this seemingly careless literary workman was able to produce a weekly essay over a period of more than twenty years—a record in that particular field equalled only during our time by the accomplished craftsman who is not hidden behind the initials " Y. Y." But it was, I think, in this regular

task that Chesterton too often exhibited his weaker side. We saw, that is, the decline of a most happy style into a mechanical trick for the single purpose of propaganda.

It was the combination of literary profusion with intellectual scope which made Gilbert Chesterton unique ; or, rather, this combination ennobled the warmth and fine humanity of his spirit. Did ever pen in our day scatter riches like his ? From *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* to Father Brown is a remarkable distance, but not more remarkable than the line that runs from *Heretics* to the monograph on Robert Browning, or from Twelve Types to *Tressendon's Trifles* and the perfect study of Charles Dickens, or than the curve which includes *The Ballad of the White Horse*, the blistering verses on F. E. Smith and the series of ridiculous, and perfectly turned, songs in *The Flying Inn*. He possessed the rare gift of readability, and he was the wittiest modern writer of English prose. Yet now that his amazing work is finished, one who could seldom add intellectual assent to his admiration finds it impossible not to regret that so marvellous an endowment should have been devoted to a set of ideas with which the creative forces of our age can have little to say, and to the advocacy of a way of life along which man in the Great Society that must evolve will not find it possible to travel.

[Chesterton was a member of the group of contributors to the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW recruited by W. L. Courtney, and his first notable appearance was in the form of a serial causerie called "Time's Abstract and Brief Chronicle"—Ed. F.R.]

THE BALDWIN LEGEND

By Robert Bernays, M.P.

FEW governments of modern times have had more critics than the present administration, which commands a majority of nearly two hundred and fifty. It would be a profound mistake to believe that they are all inspired by party rancour, personal spite, or individual ambitions.

There has been in all parts of the House of Commons a lack of confidence in the power of the Government to shape policy and direct events. Probably it is inevitable in the circumstances of the time. Not since the Asquith administration from 1910 to 1914 has a Government had to face such a swift and bewildering series of disasters.

It has lurched from crisis to crisis. It had not been in office a month before it encountered the hurricane that accompanied the production of the Hoare-Laval proposals for the termination of the Abyssinian war. It only survived at all by hurriedly jettisoning the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Anthony Eden had not been in control more than a few months when the events foreshadowed by Sir Samuel Hoare came to pass. Abyssinian resistance broke under mustard gas. The Italians marched into Addis Ababa and the policy of sanctions on which the election had been fought suffered a reverse from which it may never recover. Coincident with these tragic events has been the rapid worsening of the situation in Central Europe. The Rhineland has been remilitarized, the pace of the German rearmament quickens with every month, and western civilization sees itself drifting nearer and nearer the abyss.

The country is frightened and, as always in such circumstances, it is calling for a leader. Bonar Law once said to Asquith that in times of crisis it was not merely necessary for a Government to be active. It must seem active. This Government does not possess this qualification.

Its withdrawal of sanctions, for instance, was made known in an extraordinarily haphazard, almost lackadaisical fashion. Such a far-reaching decision ought to have been announced by the Foreign Secretary to the House of Commons. But the first news of it that reached the country came in the form of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Neville Chamberlain to the 1900 club. Immediately the Prime Minister was challenged in the House of Commons and made a halting reply; it was generally felt that the Chancellor's speech was a constitutional impropriety and exhibited a lack of co-ordination and discipline in the Cabinet.

It is a Government of tired men. After all, most of them have been in office now for five years through a period of crisis unexampled in the post-war era. Some of them, like Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, have been in vital positions of responsibility, except for the brief interlude of the two Labour Governments, for upwards of fifteen years. Others like Mr. Runciman, who was President of the Board of Trade in 1908, and Sir John Simon, who was Solicitor-General a quarter of a century ago, can hardly be expected after a lifetime spent in the public service to maintain the vitality and zest and imaginative outlook that these critical times demand. Indeed it is significant that the few outstanding successes are men like Mr. Eden and Mr. Stanley who are essentially of the post-war world.

On the other hand, while the leading members of the Government have tended to grow stale, their supporters are exhibiting the resource and confidence of men who are approaching the flowering period of their political powers. It must not be forgotten that the present Parliament is in reality not in its first but in its sixth year. Only forty new members took their places on the Government side of the House after the last election. The overwhelming majority of the Government supporters are men who sat through the long Parliament of 1931. They were young and raw then. They were ready to sit at the feet of their leaders and render unquestioning obedience to the Party Whips. But they have grown up. They have become lusty Parliamentarians. They have learnt how to make their presence felt. They are not ready now to accept in silence a rebuke from the great men on the Treasury Bench. Rather do they rise and

put another supplementary question or threaten to raise the subject " on the adjournment."

The humiliations of the Government have been not a little due to the fact that they have failed to appreciate this change in atmosphere. The leading men in the Cabinet never grasped, for instance, the extent of the revolt among their supporters on the Hoare-Laval issue. It was only when they realized by the lengthening list on the order paper of the names of members who had signed the motion for rejection that if they went forward with the proposals they would go forward to disaster, that they decided upon precipitate retreat. But by that time the back bencher had, as it were, tasted blood. He understood more clearly than he had done before that it was by him that the Government reigned, and he has never let them lose sight of the fact.

Three months later he struck again and defeated the Government on the motion to move the Speaker out of the Chair on going into Committee of Supply—one of the vital divisions of the year. The actual issue was that of equal pay for equal work for men and women in the Civil Service list, but, as is often the case on these occasions, far more was involved than the actual controversy under discussion.

Many back benchers felt that their views were not being treated with sufficient respect, that on several occasions, notably on the second reading of the highly controversial Air Navigation Bill, a junior Minister had been regarded as sufficient to answer the criticisms, and that other important issues which had been raised, such as the Mandates question and the organization of food supplies in time of war, had been treated rather cavalierly at question time. Twenty-five Government supporters voted with the Opposition and a great many more abstained. It was enough to secure another humiliation for the Government at the hands of its rank and file.

But still the Government seemed reluctant to learn their lesson. They courted another rebuff on the Coal Mines Bill. They imagined that, having printed the proposals in one shape, they could then amend them in the speech of the Minister on the second reading of the Bill in such a drastically different form as to make the original proposals unrecognizable. Again

there was a revolt, and but for the stupidity of the Opposition, who instead of challenging an immediate division allowed their men to go on talking until reinforcements had been summoned, the Government might have suffered a second and more serious defeat in the lobby. As it was, the Prime Minister, having declared his intention in the early afternoon to proceed with the Bill, was compelled before the evening was over to announce that the Bill would be re-drafted and would not be proceeded with that day. A week or two later a further statement had to be made that the Bill would be dropped altogether until the autumn, when an entirely new measure would be introduced. This weakness and confusion in action and council does not inspire confidence.

With the revolt of the younger men has come an increase in the power of the most formidable Parliamentarian in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill. In the days of the last Parliament he was handicapped by the fact that to cast aspersions either on the National Government or on Mr. Baldwin was regarded as an act of gross impiety. Now he can jeer and gibe to the fullest extent of his incomparable vocabulary and not a single voice is raised in protest. In addition he has the advantage of advocating causes to which there is a very real response among the great majority of the Government supporters. His crusade againt the India Bill was a damp squib from the start. " The march of events," which so often he proclaimed were on his side, in fact confounded his whole campaign. So far from the approach of self-government heralding fresh and more formidable outbreaks of civil disorder, the period of Lord Willingdon's viceroyalty was less disturbed than that of any Viceroy since the war. The House of Commons that had listened to his warnings at first with alarm, and then with respectful interest, became frankly bored with them. By the end of the long drawn out passage of the India Bill he was speaking to a Chamber only a quarter filled.

Then last summer he switched his mind to the problems of home defence, and in an instant he had recovered his old position of dominance. There he had a subject in which not merely was the House profoundly concerned but he himself, as the sole survivor on the Government benches of the men who were in vital offices during the Great War, could speak with unequalled

authority. What was more, his prophesies, however far-fetched they might appear at the time he made them, had an uncomfortable way of being fulfilled. He was right about the scale of German rearmament in the air. His figures were disputed at the time, but several months later the Government were forced to admit their substantial accuracy. He warned the Government upon the urgent necessity of speeding up production, and on the Whitsun adjournment he was able to say, without any contradiction from the Co-ordinating Minister of Defence who was in charge of the debate, that " all your programmes are in arrears without exception." He made brilliant play with the failure of the Government to produce machine tools. Eight months had gone by since the election and the orders had only been given for them that week. " We know now," he taunted, " that these machine tools that we are about to order now should have been ordered eight months ago. You have to fill a tank with water ; it is a matter of life and death. Everything is there ; you have the tank and you have the water ; but you have forgotten the plug."

The laughter that followed had an ugly ring about it for the members of the Government, shuffling and uneasily whispering under this castigation.

Will Mr. Churchill be able to pull away the plug in the Government's tank and send the great majority down the drain ? He has allies in his campaign of a calibre that was certainly not evident among his Diehard friends in the last Parliament. The famous Shillinglee House Party that caused such persistent rumours of a plot being hatched against Mr. Baldwin contained some formidable Parliamentary figures. There was the venerable Sir Austen Chamberlain, who has exercised on the back benches a far more potent influence than ever he did when he was in office. There was Sir Robert Horne who, though he has taken little active part in politics since the downfall of the Coalition, is still no inconsiderable Parliamentary figure. Any Government he entered would be assured of support, at any rate in the City of London. There was Lord Winterton, a first-class political skirmisher who can put up as good a " knockabout " case in debate as any man in the House. There was Sir Edward Grigg, a member of the *Round Table* group, who would assist in bringing

the support of the all-powerful *Times* newspaper ; and finally there was Sir Henry Page Croft the idol of the rank and file of the Conservative caucus. Altogether it was a formidable combination and, though all its members were at pains to explain that the house party had no political significance, it is an open secret that what brought them together was their anxiety about national defence. What would keep them together would be any failure on the part of the Government to allay those anxieties.

A rapid worsening of the foreign situation and a growing conviction that the Government was bungling the necessary defence measures might well produce a demand for a Government of National Concentration, a Committee of Public Safety of the kind that took office in 1931 to stave off what was then regarded as the disaster of a retreat from the gold standard. The obvious head of it would be Mr. Winston Churchill. Next to Mr. Lloyd George no man is more associated in the minds of foreigners with the gigantic efforts put forward by Britain in the Great War. With Mr. Churchill in supreme control there would be an end to that talk in dictator-ridden countries that we had gone " soft " and could be ruled out of account, which is not a little responsible for the recent actions both of Mussolini and Hitler. Mr. Churchill would also have the advantage of a measure of radical support. In spite of his attitude he cannot be easily classed as a Diehard. He has not forgotten his radical " salad days " and is already threatening to give grave trouble to Mr. Ernest Brown if the abolition of the Household Means Test is not included in the new employment regulations. He would be perfectly prepared in return for speedier measures of rearmament to provide a drastic reconstruction of the depressed areas. If a Carlton Club meeting were ever called to depose Mr. Baldwin, similar to that which destroyed the Lloyd George Coalition, I can only foresee one man that could successfully form an alternative government, and that is Mr. Winston Churchill.

Whether it happens depends to a great extent on Mr. Baldwin. The loss of prestige of the Government is not a little due to the loss of prestige of Mr. Baldwin. With the Hoare-Laval proposals and the subsequent withdrawal at the demand of an outraged House of Commons something went out of the Baldwin legend. Many felt that he really believed in the programme and had

sacrificed his Foreign Secretary against his better judgment. Thereafter he appeared to lose the old confident touch. He no longer dominated the House of Commons. He seemed to have lost his grip of affairs. He spoke seldom, and when he did it was with his eyes on a closely written brief. Not even the sudden onslaught on him by Sir Austen Chamberlain, one of his closest friends and his firm supporter at every crisis in his leadership, stung him into reply. It was known that he intended to resign the premiership at the Coronation, and it seemed at one time that he would resign long before that, indeed that his departure is only a matter of weeks.

The Government itself is beginning to re-establish its position. The Budget leakage which, when it first became known, seemed likely to inflict a grave injury, has been so firmly and prudently handled that it has actually shored up the credit of the Government. Unemployment is still falling. At the time of writing it is at a lower figure than at any period in the last six years, since in fact the initial stages of the slump. The return of Sir Samuel Hoare to the Admiralty and the elevation of Mr. Ormsby-Gore, long overdue, to the Colonial Office, will both add to the efficiency of the administration. The Government are further helped by the fact that through all their difficulties and disasters neither Opposition has proved itself capable of exploiting the situation or of suggesting itself to the country as an alternative Government.

The Labour Party gives no evidence of an accretion of strength in the country. At the Peckham by-election, where they had all the advantage of fighting a constituency, which they only lost by 700 votes at the last election, at the very moment when the Italians were marching in triumph into Addis Ababa and the hopes built upon sanctions were in ruins, they only defeated an uninspiring Conservative candidate by the narrow margin of 100 votes.

In the House of Commons they exhibit confusion of council and weakness in action. Their back benchers are chafing at what they regard as timidity in leadership, and their front benchers are embarrassed at the feebleness of the debating talent and lack of political sense of those behind them. Mr. Attlee does his best to infuse some sting into the Opposition attacks, but, with the exception of Mr. Alexander, he is not effectively backed

up by his colleagues. Mr. Herbert Morrison, of whom so much was expected, has proved a disappointment. He is an administrator rather than a Parliamentarian, and his duties as the Leader of the Labour majority on the London County Council make the continual attendance at the House which is essential for an Opposition leader very difficult for him. Both Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Dalton spoil every case by over-statement, Mr. Lees-Smith is prim and prosy, and Mr. Shinwell, though he hits hard and often, commands little authority in his party. Not one of them has any pretensions to be a National Leader. Nor are there any rising young men behind them.

Young Mr. Henderson speaks well on foreign affairs and Captain Garro Jones has a certain facility for Parliamentary sniping, but beyond these men the hundred new recruits whom the last election sent into the House of Commons provide no new Parliamentary figures of any consequence. The majority of them are painstaking elderly trades unionists who can speak with effect on the conditions in their own particular industries, but who lack the power of appreciating great political issues. It is rather pathetic sometimes to see them when some complicated issue is being discussed sitting row upon row, puzzled and bored, while controversy hurtles above and beyond them.

But the most potent cause of the slow progress of the Labour Party is the patent confusion of their minds on the armaments issue. They profess a deep-rooted belief in collective security, and then vote against every measure of rearmament that alone could make collective security a reality. When challenged, they admit that they are in favour of Great Britain being adequately armed, and then when it comes to the presentation of the taxes to pay for it, they fall back on the *clichés* of the platform and proclaim that " money that ought to be spent on creating life is being used to destroy it." None has ever really faced up to the impossibility of being at one and the same time a pacifist and an uncompromising supporter of the League Covenant.

This halting between the two opinions is evident in their social policy as well. They cannot make up their minds whether they are out to destroy the capitalist cow or to milk it, whether or not it is a matter of indifference to them if it breaks under the strain of doles and pensions, whether in fact they are safety first

men or the party of catastrophe. Admittedly their position is very difficult. They have on their flank the Independent Labour Party. They only muster four, but for Parliamentary skill, drive and persistence, they are unequalled by any other group in the House. These men under the leadership of Mr. Maxton make it their business to hound on the Labour Party to extremes, to detect on the instant any falterings in the advocacy of full-blooded Socialism, and to expose it with wounding taunts and scorching invective.

The Labour Party will never return to power until it has made up its mind to present itself as a safe alternative. The country is badly frightened. It will never entrust its fortunes to a Party that is unsound either on the armament issue or the balanced budget required for the payment of armaments.

The Independent Liberals, though they are being admirably led by Sir Archibald Sinclair, are too small to exert any vital influence in the House, while in the country their organization, already weak, is now being still further reduced by the activities of the Liberal Nationals. The establishment of a definite Liberal National Party, with organization in all the Federation areas, means the withdrawal of important financial support from the official Liberal organization. Only the creation of a Popular Front with the Socialists, under which the Liberals would be given a free run in the agricultural areas in return for the withdrawal of Liberal candidates in the towns, could enable them in existing circumstances to improve their position. A Popular Front in the present mood of the Labour Party is not a practicable proposition.

For the time being at any rate the National Government has nothing to fear from its official opponents. The real danger to its continuance is a " Palace Revolution." Any further parade of vacillation and incompetence will play straight into the hands of the Right. There is, happily, evidence in the last few weeks that the Government are awake to the danger and are taking effective steps to meet it by a resolute rearmament programme, in the recognition of the urgent necessity for deciding upon and proclaiming an unambiguous foreign policy, and, above all, an understanding of the importance of an imaginative social programme if the non-Conservative voters in the country, who after all gave it their majority, are to be successfully retained.

THE CLENCHED FIST IN FRANCE

By Sisley Huddleston

NEVER did a government take office with more opportunities of making history than that of Léon Blum. It was obvious from the moment the Front Populaire—composed, broadly speaking, of three parties, the Communist, the Radical, and the Socialist, and the greatest of these is the Socialist—won a majority at the elections, that an extraordinary responsibility for good or for evil lay upon it. France has had many governments since it became a Republic after 1870—the Sarraut Cabinet is usually reckoned to be the hundredth—and for the most part they have not been disappointing only because nothing was expected of them. With a few exceptions, they have existed merely to pave the way for their successor. France has become accustomed to stop-gap Ministries, of which the Sarraut Ministry was an excellent—that is to say, lamentable—example.

It would be entirely unphilosophical to indulge in the smallest personal criticism of Albert Sarraut and his colleagues ; they were thoroughly representative of the French Parliamentary system. Yet to make clear the state into which France has fallen, it is necessary to recall that, quite frankly, Pierre Laval was dismissed in order that the new Government should organize the elections, which were to favour the Left. The Sarraut Ministry was then recognized to be there on sufferance. In these exceptional months of acute problems, the function of the Government was admittedly to do nothing, or at any rate as little as possible.

There was immense social discontent. The agriculturist, the worker, the business man, were suffering from the economic depression, which had grown worse in France than in almost all other countries. The financial position was dangerous, and an urgent decision on the continuance of deflation, which had

apparently failed, or devaluation, which presented unknown perils, was undoubtedly necessary. The foreign field called for immediate action. A dreadful interrogatory addressed itself to France : Should sanctions be continued at the risk of losing Italian help against Germany ? Should any real steps be taken, either to prevent the further arming of Germany, or to begin conversations with Germany with a view to reconciliation ? What was to be the precise significance of the equivocal alliance with Russia ? How were the relations of France with Great Britain to be defined ? What was to be the attitude towards the League, towards collective security, towards the vital ideas and institutions of Europe ?

Social tranquillity, monetary stability, economic prosperity, and external peace were then unquestionably at stake in the few months which preceded the elections. Yet the Government was a stop-gap Government. It would have been regarded as almost improper for it to act decisively. In April at Geneva it was urged that nothing could be done, at the most crucial hour of the Abyssinian affair, until France had a new government. In May—after the elections—it was again urged that nothing could be done until the new French Government had taken office. In June, the League Council, fixed for the fifteenth, was again postponed until the end of the month, to enable the new French Government to take its bearings. The world was bound to conclude that France was virtually without a government capable of accepting responsibilities.

The need of a strong government, when events at home and abroad were running hard on each other's heels, was particularly apparent ; and the absence of even the pretence of government was, especially in the final month, painfully evident. The workers, whether acting spontaneously, or (as it is now the fashion to believe, whenever there are troubles, political or social, in France, or Egypt, or Palestine) at the instigation of foreign agitators, got completely out of hand, and began a series of stay-in strikes of a revolutionary character, inasmuch as they ignored the laws of personal liberty and of private property. It was not, however, the business of the government. It would seem that the business of an interim government is to look on, and not to make things better or worse for the government which will follow.

We have observed this unhappy situation this year; circumstances conspired to emphasize an unquestionable defect in the French constitution, or at least in the French practice. But, in my view, the situation, with all its anomalies, was not much more than a logical aggravation of the ordinary situation of France as it has developed for a number of years.

In other words, France is becoming ungovernable because it has not been governed. Its problems are becoming insoluble because no persistent attempt has been made to solve them. Governments come and go; their expectation of life diminishes; and although it is true that the names of Ministers, as they come in and go out, are familiar, and the constant changes are more apparent than real, it is difficult to affirm that any particular government which lasts only for a few months can be held responsible for anything whatsoever. It is this decreasing sense of responsibility which has brought France to a pass in which many people foresee the end of a regime.

That is why the Front Populaire won the elections. That is why the Government of the Front Populaire was given a final chance of saving Parliamentarism. Although there is a mysticism of the Left, and a deep-rooted prejudice against so-called Fascism (a label which is conveniently stuck on the parties and movements which do not profess to be of the Left) the discontent of the French people found expression in a revolt against the interchangeable Ministers and Ministries which have lost their grip.

If one had the space and time, it would be possible to construct many pretty paradoxes, which would be variations on the theme that anti-Fascism in France is an instinctive clamour for Fascism. The ungoverned want to be governed. At present they would prefer to be governed by a sort of Fascism of the Left; but if a Fascism of the Left fails them, it is highly probable that they will, by reaction, accept a Fascism of the Right. For political purposes, there has been a great outcry against the menace of Fascism, but in reality it is just because there does not exist an effective Fascism of the Right, that France is prepared to try the experiment of a Fascism of the Left.

Sooner or later we shall have to revise these political terms, at present employed with an astounding ignorance of their

meaning. The truth is, as Abel Bonnard ably points out in his book on *Les Modérés*, that the Moderates (and they are substantially the only politicians who have hitherto formed any sort of opposition to the movement of the Left) have always shown a singular weakness. On the occasions on which they have been given the task of government—usually as the result of the hopeless mess created by the Radicals—they have displayed their feebleness and have yielded their tactical positions to the Left. If one cares to analyze French politics at all, one must perceive at once that the Radicals themselves are purely a bourgeois party, which has slipped more and more to the Left, and played into the hands of the Socialists, who in their turn are playing into the hands of the Communists. Moderates and Radicals alike have declined the duty of acting as a brake. They are like those men of the *ancien régime* who " thought they could save their head by bending it." They invented specious arguments to the effect that they should not irritate violent extremists by resisting their demands—that, on the contrary, nothing could be more adroit than to appease them in granting everything. Thus it was admitted that it was as judicious to desire the advent to power of their adversaries, as it was clever to facilitate that advent, in order that the adversaries would themselves disgust the country. It was established by the Moderates that the least sign of their existence would be a provocation on their part. . . ." That has been the attitude of the men whom the Left now dub Fascist. It is because such has been their attitude that the Socialists have come to power. They are welcomed in so far as they promise to act like Fascists—that is to say, to govern.

The student of politics would do well to make other observations at this point—which will appear paradoxical only because, by general consent, we adopt catch-cries without examination. Communism implies a dictatorship which depends on its organization from the base to the apex of the pyramid : Socialism implies the Totalitarian State just as much as Naziism and Fascism. In one form or another, by one method or another, the consequences are the suppression of the individual liberty of nonconformists who cannot accept the State's intervention—whether that State calls itself Communist, Socialist, or Fascist. Despite the intense antagonism of Fascism and Socialism, it

would be easy to demonstrate that the man who has moved furthest towards the practical institution of State Socialism is Mussolini.

Another observation that the student of politics would do well to make concerns the alleged recalcitrancy of the French to any kind of authority. It is true that the French lay great verbal stress on personal liberty, and the history of the Third Republic is a record of the steady decline of Parliamentary authority. But with some knowledge of French history, as well as of current politics, I am unable to find any real justification for the assertion that France is less amenable to the control of the Strong Man than other countries. It lived under the regime of absolute monarchy for centuries, and the Revolution culminated in the Empire of Napoleon. The perturbations of the nineteenth century led to the Second Empire. Parliamentarism, as it is practised under the Third Republic, has certainly resulted in a general shirking of authority, but such incidents as the Boulanger agitation, largely helped by the Left, sufficiently show that France is still capable of hero-worship. What ruined Boulanger was his own character. Even in the intrigues and combinations of a Parliament composed of a multiplicity of groups, exceptional men like Clemenceau and Poincaré are able to assert their authority in a crisis. Today, if the Occasion and the Man appear, there is no reason, *a priori*, to suppose that France is fundamentally different from those countries which have rediscovered the need of authority for the preservation of order and national unity.

Perhaps that time is not yet. As I write, the Front Populaire Government is beset with difficulties. Léon Blum has included a number of new men in his Cabinet, but he has also included a number of old men. Except for the political affiliations of the Socialist members of his Government, it is impossible to say that the Cabinet differs greatly from many others we have seen. There is the same careful dosage ; and, dimly discerned, is the same possibility of an alternative combination, which might include the Moderates, the Radicals, and even a section of dissident Socialists, against the more extreme Left. M. Blum has himself made it clear that he has no intention of going far in the direction of Socialism.

After all, he is a product of the old conception of French Parliamentarism. He remained in opposition until the age of sixty-four, yet his formation is Parliamentarian. While he is often reminded of an unfortunate phrase in which he suggested the need of "a vacation of legality," his whole concern, since the elections, has been to reassure the public of his orthodox designs. His singular choice of certain tainted and incompetent collaborators gave his Cabinet an air—to use a French expression—of *vieux-neuf*. Instead of laying stress on differences, he tried to persuade the French bourgeois that nothing had really changed. Immediately one began to wonder whether M. Blum appreciated the fact that it was his role to preside over a complete renovation of French Parliamentary manners—to make a fresh start, and not perpetuate a political game utterly divorced from reality, which, played by his predecessors, without imagination or intelligence, has brought France to a sorry plight.

His Ministerial declaration was modelled on a hundred Ministerial declarations. It was written by a spluttering pen in ambiguous language. It affirmed, of course, that the French people mean to preserve democratic liberties against all violent attempts to destroy them—precisely at the moment when strikers were everywhere taking temporary possession of factories and stores and imprisoning workers and directors. It promised the restoration of French economy—though obviously some of the projects of the Front Populaire are scarcely calculated to encourage industry and commerce. An inventory of the country's finances at the moment of taking office is a device already employed by the Cartel des Gauches ; it can only be an indictment of the preceding Republican Governments, and cannot be expected to inspire confidence. As usual, peace is sought with every country—but there is an insistence on the respect for international law, which is either conventional, or cannot, in present circumstances, help in the establishment of peace. Reduction of armaments is coupled with the assertion that France will not consent to enfeeblement.

Nevertheless the programme which is set out for immediate attention, while not unreasonable in many respects, can hardly be executed without careful consideration of possible repercussions. It includes a working week of forty hours, paid holidays,

public works, nationalization of armament industries, a reform of the Banque de France, a revision of the Laval decree-laws which effected economies in Treasury payments.

There is no doubt that the wide prevalence of strikes was exceedingly embarrassing to the Government. The demands of the workers were, again, not unreasonable, though they come at a time when French industry and commerce is already badly handicapped. What was deplorable was the method, which denoted a total disregard for the principles of law and order. For the Socialists to adopt strong measures of repression against the workers was almost unthinkable. But to condone such a flouting of law and order must inevitably encourage revolutionary action. The Front Populaire resembles the Sorcerer's Apprentice who released forces he could not control. Whether the remark is apocryphal or not, I cannot say; but M. Blum is credited with the statement that if he is to be likened to Kerensky, it will not be Lenin who will succeed him. In other words, he stands midway between Communism and Fascism, with the probability that if he fails to preserve the equilibrium, there will be a reaction towards some form of Fascism, as Mussolini has predicted. It is indeed impossible for those of us who remember the condition of Italy before the March on Rome, not to be struck by the analogy of this strange movement for the occupation of workshops; and it is not far-fetched to compare the confusion and perplexity of France with the state of Germany a few years before the rise of Hitler. To push these speculations far would be improper and perhaps erroneous, for history does not take the same course in different countries. It is, however, permissible to remark these signs of the imminence of profound political upheavals. Either M. Blum will manage to master them, or they will master him.

The salute of the Front Populaire is not the salute of the Nazi or the Fascists. It is the salute of the Clenched Fist. To me there is something pathetic in the picture of Léon Blum, exquisitely artistic in his tastes, an intellectual dilettante, holding up a puny clenched fist in company with M. Thorez, the leader of the Communists, who flatly refused to allow his partisans to enter the Government which was the outcome of an electoral coalition of Communists, Radicals, and Socialists. Whatever

may be its significance, there is nothing particularly objectionable in the Fascist salute ; but this symbol of the Clenched Fist is surely shocking. It is an act of hostility. Against whom ? Doubtless it must be presumed that the Blum Government has no desire to be a government of division and of social strife ; the objective, like the objective of all statesmen, is national unity. Never had France greater and more urgent need of national unity. The opposition would do well, remembering its blunders and delays, to rally to M. Blum if he is now to press for social reforms, economic ameliorations, and political renovations, which are long overdue. Nothing durable can now —or ever—be founded on deliberate antagonism. But the condition of M. Blum's success is the elimination of class hatreds.

At the heart of the French troubles is the persistent struggle between the devaluationists and the deflationists. Hitherto the efforts of succeeding governments have been directed to the maintenance of the franc at its parity with the pound and dollar. To this end they have unavailingly tried to reduce the cost of living, to balance the budget, to curtail expenditure. Everybody has suffered and no good has come of it. This was the origin of the discontent that is increasingly manifested. Now M. Blum has rightly seen that further deflation is not a feasible policy. But, as I write, he declines to take the alternative course of devaluation. Yet if there is to be a reversal of the process of deflation—a rise in wages, Governmental expenditure, and a rise rather than a fall in prices, inflation in one form or another appears inevitable, and, willingly or unwillingly, France will eventually be forced off the gold standard. The economic position will worsen ; the return of prosperity will be further postponed.

In these circumstances, it is held by good authorities that devaluation of the franc must be undertaken. One of the latest exponents of this thesis is M. Charles Rist, who has a world-wide reputation as a financial authority. His argument is that unemployment is increasing, exports are dwindling, and high interest rates thwart business enterprise. The revenue of the French people has shrunk in the past five years from 250 milliard to 160 milliard francs. It is therefore hopeless to concentrate on expedients for balancing the budget on the present basis.

The fact is that there is a disparity of prices in France and other producing countries, which he puts as high as twenty per cent. The franc was, of course, depreciated by four-fifths in 1926, but wages and prices were rapidly adjusted. Then came the depreciation of the pound and dollar by two-fifths, and the result was a serious *décalage* to the detriment of France. The whole point of a new devaluation, however unfair to the rentier and others who have already made enormous sacrifices, is that it will—or at least it is hoped it will—remove this disparity of prices. Were the franc linked to the pound, France would find itself on a workable level with the rest of the world. Unless something of this kind is done, the menace of eventual devaluation will continue to provoke a flight from the franc ; and, in the meantime, since the franc buys more abroad than at home, imports will be encouraged while exports will be discouraged. There is also the question of dear money to be taken into account. While the French borrow at seven per cent., the British can borrow at half that rate. This interest rate would fall if capital were induced to come back, and hoarded money emerged from its hiding-places. It remains to be seen whether these considerations will appeal to the Government of the Front Populaire, but it is certain that many of the Moderates who preferred deflation are now converted by the clear exposition of M. Rist and others.

Nor can any French Government, whatever its complexion—even if it be of a bright red—be insensible to the dangers which face it in the domain of foreign policy. Every Frenchman with the smallest sense of responsibility for the future of his country, whatever his nebulous ideology, deplores the ill-timed experiment in ineffective sanctions against Italy. The aggression against Abyssinia is deeply regrettable ; it must necessarily be condemned ; but Europe cannot consent to suffer shipwreck for the sake of Abyssinia. There is, after all, a scale of values, though they have been lost sight of in the fine frenzy of the sanctionists. France has need of British friendship, but it has no less need of Italian friendship. The peril of an Italo-German coalition is not so unreal as is apparently supposed by many people in England. At the earliest possible moment this sanctionist business must be liquidated, or, as the French plainly foresee, there will be irresistible alignments. The Soviet

Government, despite its doctrinal dislike of Fascism, is now recommending the French Communists to think in terms of practical possibilities.

It is ironical that M. Blum should be compelled to make peace with Italy. It is still more ironical that he, the first Jewish Prime Minister of France, should be forced to enter into conversations with Herr Hitler. But the greatest irony of all is that, after the victory of the Front Populaire with the cry of anti-Fascism, France, realizing that the continued weakness of its governments constitutes a temptation to less pacific countries and a dreadful menace to peace, will be obliged to resort, at no distant date, to a system of authoritative government which may not untruly be described as Fascist.

ITALY'S WAR—WHO PAYS AND HOW?

By C. J. S. Sprigge

"FOUR hundred thousand Italians, in the prime of life, are now on African soil—soldiers, legionaries and workmen. Thousands more will be leaving for Africa shortly. All of these men are already assigned to civil tasks—policing, road-making, development of communications and transports. At their side are agricultural and industrial experts, experts for mining, irrigation, commerce, banking; and these technicians, picked men of their professions, will rapidly increase. The first strong groups of colonisers will be drawn from these soldiers and civilians."

A writer in the Turin *Stampa*, early in June, 1936, thus opens an article on the theme "Exploiting the Empire." In June, 1935, many people still maintained that Mussolini was bluffing: never would he venture upon even the partial conquest of Abyssinia, in itself a hard enough task, with Great Britain pressing the greater part of the world to make it still harder for the adventurer. But Mussolini proved not to be bluffing. He sent in his troops and committed his whole prestige in the enterprise. Well, then—one could hear it said at any time between October, 1935, and March, 1936—so much the worse for him and for Italy. Mussolini was taking on enormous military risks with an entirely insufficient economic provision against the loss in national income through this diversion of energies: and fifty countries had agreed to make the loss as great as possible. But by April the Italian arms were proceeding from triumph to triumph, and before the middle of May Mussolini had proclaimed the permanent annexation of Ethiopia and conferred the title of Emperor on King Victor Emmanuel.

The historians will have to try to trace out the development of an outcome so different from the expectations of Italians and of non-Italians alike. The traveller in Italy in June, 1935, could

hear many Italians grumbling at being committed to a quarrel with Abyssinia—a prospective colonial war seemed an intolerable addition to economic anxieties, already exceedingly serious. Only the young officers, keen for glory and advancement, and the unemployed—officially 700,000 among organized industrial workers—could expect anything good from this "forward policy." Six months later overt grumbling had become too dangerous, but informed and cautious minded Italians all the more regarded the war as an appalling blunder of which the consequences could not be averted, and must therefore be awaited and suffered with as much dignity as possible. Another six months and the Duce was inviting the Italians to make ready to enjoy the fruits of victory.

The historians will perhaps stress that Mussolini knew, right at the beginning of 1935, that the French would faithfully retard and alleviate the League's opposition to his adventure: that he was sure Great Britain, hitherto Italy's traditional protector, would not find the energy to press very much more strongly against him than France, with German rearmament calling attention to weakness in the defences nearer home; and that he was reckoning all the time with a freer use of gold (and of gas) on Abyssinian territory than the less informed had held to be conceivable. Mussolini has been suspected further of special foreknowledge that Hitler would draw all the attention of European Governments away from the Italian adventure at the very moment of their last chance of interfering with it. Another, perhaps less airy, theory is that he may have had reason to count upon Russia urging in "League circles" that Abyssinia was too small and too remote a theme for serious consideration when the Eastern European frontiers were manifestly insecure. In short, Mussolini had undertaken his expedition with an instinctive knowledge and a fullness of information about European political interplay which his critics and opponents in Italy and abroad did not command, and with a lack of scruple that they did not foresee. Quite certainly he has astonished them and belied their forecasts.

Experts on finance and economics gave, on the whole, like military and political experts, the judgment that this enterprise of Fascist Italy would lead to extraordinary difficulties. Certainly

if war is considered a sport suitable for the prosperous only, then the Ethiopian excursion was to be judged inopportune in the extreme. In May, 1934, Mussolini pronounced a speech reviewing Italian finance and business. He called attention to the large Budget deficit, the large excess of imports over exports and " invisible " exports (proceeds of shipping, etc.). As the Italian taxpayer could not possibly be called upon to make any further efforts—the burdens, said Mussolini, were barely less than intolerable—the Budget must be balanced by cuts in State salaries and stipends. For the equalization of imports with exports there must be a cut in Italian costs—that is to say, in wages.

Early in 1935 the Italian Government promulgated an order restricting imports from any country to a percentage of those for similar months of 1934 (the percentage was at first generally one-third) except by special arrangement. Observers took this as yet one more indication of the financial straits of the Italian system, to which the 1934 retrenchment drive had brought no respite.

No doubt most Italians judged so too. But anyone who had seriously considered the Wal Wal incident, and the Italian press campaign magnifying the incident; anyone who had rightly interpreted the ever more numerous photographs of Italian Colonial troops in martial array to be found in the papers in the late autumn of 1934, would have questioned whether the shortage of foreign exchange and the resort to import restriction and regulation derived solely from Italian incapacity to sell goods abroad. Among those " excess " imports were imports purchased, without regard to trading balances, for the purposes of the projected war; and no doubt Italian factories which might have been turning out exports were already by then devoted to executing military orders.

Yet if the financial straits of the turn of 1934-35 were less extreme than London, Paris, and New York banking houses supposed, the diagnosis of hard times was not materially wrong. The Duce led his countrymen into the Abyssinian adventure when wages, profits, the possibilities of employment or the opportunity for successful business enterprise were poor throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Far from being deterred,

he may well have considered this a cogent reason for proceeding with his war. In the seventeenth century the most celebrated Italian theorist of war, Montecuccoli, could write: "Money is that universal spirit which penetrates everywhere, animates all, is in fact almost everything, the supreme instrument that can bend the prudent and restrain the ferocious. . . . To the question what is necessary for war, it can be answered: First, money; secondly, money; thirdly, money." But Marlborough and Montecuccoli moved their armies through a Europe of largely autonomous provinces and detached farmlands, dependent upon acquiring their surplus crops in successive seasons. At the base, their royal masters or mistresses depended upon the supplies that they could buy from the men of substance of their own countries. Not yet were Governments aware of "trade depressions," only of fat years and lean years decreed by heaven. No scientists claimed to compute the "productive capacity" of a country and the margin of "unused capacity" between the potential and the actual employment of the "factors of production." Though bad Governments were known by their faults, yet no Government was held specifically responsible for unemployment of men or resources, or believed that it could see far enough into the processes of complementary production and exchange to establish a productive programme, eliciting from all the factors of production a greater output to enter duly into a greater social product.

But when a Government claims such prescience and such power, it will not limit its expenditure in idle times by reference to reserves of "money"; it will reckon by "taking in the slack" to bring into existence the greater volume of production required, and will issue "money" in order to purchase the output. A highly developed banking system is, indeed, continually engaged in distributing substitutes for money. Contemporary economists would make such a banking system responsible for keeping men and means of production in "full normal employment." But in few, if any countries, have the bankers been both able and willing to perform such a function. In the United States, in Germany, and today in France, governments have come forward with undertakings to give employment, bringing wages and profits, by pledging the public credit—that is by incurring debt.

The initiators of new deals and new eras, advocates of productive borrowing and spending in preference to anxious saving and caution, usually supersede rulers who have tried the other method—von Papen and Hitler follow Brüning, Roosevelt follows Hoover, Blum follows (at an interval) Laval, Flandin and Doumergue. Mussolini abides, and merely changes his style. Since, by early 1934, he is likely at least to have envisaged as possible his own bellicose proceedings of a year later—Wal Wal was a pretext—he probably pronounced his great speech on retrenchment, stability, and the need for world trade (May 26th, 1934), with much less seriousness of intent than Dr. Brüning or even M. Laval in their similar speeches. He may well have reckoned that a show of squaring accounts in an old-fashioned way inspires confidence, raises credit, and permits of bolder speculative flights in due time. At all events within a year of the retrenchment speech the Duce's Government were quite clearly through with any attempt to get the affairs of the State and the affairs of Italian industry balanced to an economist's prescription. On March 25th, 1935, interest rates were reduced by decree—this at a moment of marked depreciation of the lira against the French franc, and of gold sales by the Bank of Italy. The authorities were obviously making it easy for Italian firms to borrow, to hold stocks, and to expand output, instead of working in with the French, Dutch, and Swiss to force dear producers to liquidate stocks—and to dismiss workmen—in order to reduce costs to the competitive international price level. A vote of 300 million lire was meanwhile already inscribed in the financial estimates of 1934/35 for purposes in East Africa; a small vote indeed by comparison with the 12,000 million of the next year, but not negligible as a component in a Budget deficit at the annual rate of 4,000 millions which the Duce had vowed to annul.

Soon further signs of the new plan were multiplied. On May 13th the Government took power to issue one milliard of Treasury bonds: a week later a centralized Exchange Control Board was set up. The Government forbade silver exports and took power to withdraw silver coins from circulation. Next all holders of foreign securities were obliged to register these with the Bank of Italy. On July 22nd the Bank of Italy was

authorized to issue notes without regard to the 40 per cent. minimum gold ratio. On the one hand, then, the Government was closing in upon the holders or potential holders of all wealth utilizable abroad—foreign properties and securities, the exchange proceeds of exports, silver, and the gold reserves of the Bank of Italy (which were formally pledged to holders of bank notes). On the other hand it was taking powers to borrow for itself, and to facilitate bank lending to other parties, without regard to the formal provisions of banking law. By the early summer the change was traceable in many economic indices. Between February and August the registered unemployed declined from 628,000 to 421,000 ; the index for hours worked in factories advanced from 69 to 85 ; the monthly quantity of goods carried by rail was increased by 25 per cent. ; the wholesale price index was up by 10 per cent., and the note circulation of the Bank of Italy also by 10 per cent.

On such signals people with financial experience and an eye to their own interest are likely to attempt to get rid of money as quickly as possible, and to obtain, if they can, gold or foreign currency of which the supply is less easily expanded : or failing that, to stock in goods, buy up land, or at all events to purchase a share in the profits of enterprises which may be expected to expand concurrently with the expansion in the money supply. Travellers in Italy in the autumn of 1935 heard of keen pressure to buy land and buildings, and were aware that middle class people would take any available opportunity of exchanging Italian lire against foreign money. They were aware also of anxious forebodings lest the authorities should discover assets held abroad and undeclared : the Italian police were said to be sticking at no ruses, including that of forging powers of attorney, in their zeal to discover the details of Italian bank accounts abroad or the contents of Italian safes deposited in London or Paris.

The Italian Government was, in fact, determined to get possession of every Italian-owned title to purchasing power utilizable abroad, and was certainly not going to allow anybody to acquire new titles of the sort. By the rationing of imports it had ensured, from the beginning of 1935, that Italian spending power in overseas centres should be earmarked for the purchase

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of the requirements of the Government and its providers in a well defined order of precedence. For already by that time the Duce's plans necessitated envisaging a rapid further unbalancing of the correspondence between purchases from abroad and income derived from sales to abroad.

Nor did the Duce intend that sharp-witted business people should gain profit, or evade loss, by dispossessing themselves of lire against purchases of goods or purchases of property. He intended, in the first place, that those with any fortunes to be anxious about should commit those fortunes to the Government for use in the general national enterprise. In the second place, he had no intention of permitting withdrawal of the available merchandize from the market by hoarders at a moment when, perforce, the supply of private requirements of foreign origin was being rapidly reduced.

The League of Nations has collated the external evidence about the foreign trade of Italy in the last eight months, and about the gold shipments effected to pay for excess imports. The reserves for expenditure abroad are, it seems, being steadily used up, and the Italian Government must obviously be constrained more and more to limit its own and its people's purchases to what can be paid for by immediate counter-exports. Meanwhile the Italian Government itself, though suspending statistics, has not ceased to publish decrees and State documents illustrative of the financial and economic struggles of the war. Thus it has from time to time announced the financial appropriations it was making for the purposes of the war. The total of the sums so announced is rather over 12 milliard lire (about £180,000,000), or about two-thirds of a normal year's Budget.

To raise this sum the Government has had recourse to a conversion loan—but of a most unusual sort. In 1934 the Italian Government had carried out a conversion operation in some respects very like the British operation of 1933, as in both cases the greater part of the total long term debt of the State, bearing interest at 5 per cent., was replaced at 3½ per cent. In 1935, to finance the war, the Government offered a new 5 per cent. loan, at a price of 95 for cash subscribers: and undertook to accept the 3½ per cent. conversion loan in payment at 80. (By that time the 3½ per cent. was worth only 65 in the

market.) Anybody with 100 lire (nominal) in the 3½ per cent. loan had therefore only to bring this along, together with 15 lire cash, and he would receive a new 5 per cent. security of 100 lire (nominal) thus earning by the cash payment of 15 lire an additional annual interest of 1½ lire. The borrowing was thus at 10 per cent. Apparently by this method about half of the requirements for war expenditure has been raised. Then 5 per cent. bonds were issued as compensation to citizens forced to hand over their foreign securities and titles to overseas property. Possibly two milliards were paid out in this way. For the remainder the Government seems to have had recourse to banks and insurance offices.

True, there have been large taxation increases including a special 10 per cent. tax on all dividends (except on Government and similar securities), a new tax on road transport, an increase in death duties, company capital tax, an enormous increase in both the import duty and the sales tax on petrol (of which the price has accordingly been tripled or quadrupled), and a substantial raising of tariffs by the State-owned railway system. These tax increases are stated to suffice to balance the Budget for 1936-37. But in those Budget estimates no allowances whatever are made for the "extraordinary" expenses in Abyssinia and East Africa. These, in the next as in the present year, are to be offset by "extraordinary drafts which will most properly place the cost of the enterprise on the shoulders of the future generation which will profit by it." (Report of the Budget Committee of the Chamber, April 23rd, 1936.) Moreover, the consequences of the interruption of trade by sanctions for the customs revenue are disregarded as being also "extraordinary."

Out of the new borrowings the State has paid for the transport of some 400,000 men to Africa (over 300,000 through the Suez Canal during 1935, as the Canal Company reports), and for their supply and maintenance through the campaign. At the same time it has held about a million men under arms in Italy. If the 1,500,000 men had been fully employed in farms and factories up to the beginning of 1935, their deflection to military service would have ruled them out as economic producers, while leaving them as consumers—and those in Abyssinia very

expensive consumers of transport, munitions, and explosives, as well as of food. The State, then, would have been incurring new debt not only without at the same time increasing its actual or prospective income (that is to say, the income of its potential taxpayers), but while actually diminishing that income. Against this view it is protested that the 1,500,000 were not in full occupation at the outset of the war : that the remaining civilians have by their redoubled efforts made up for the lost labour of the absent, and that the absent meanwhile have not been voyaging through the Red Sea as tourists or dropping bombs as a pastime—they have been winning an immense national estate for the future satisfaction of Italian requirements. The last claim is one about which few should yet risk an opinion.

Travelling through Italy at the end of the Abyssinian War (certified in Rome, at all events, to be the end) and observing the continuance of the accustomed ways of life despite war and sanctions, one is, however, inclined to agree that the nation at war has found the means to keep its armies in the field without going visibly more short of the ordinary requirements than this easily contented people is accustomed to do. Whoever has lire can buy food, shelter, and even clothing at a price not greatly different from that of a year ago. And the man in the street has as many or as few lire as he then had. Has nobody, then, had to pay the cost of the war ? Are the heavier taxes sliced out of larger total incomes, and can the bank system " create " purchasing power without anybody being squashed out of the market as a buyer of goods ?

This would be too good to be true. People are going short of some of their normal consumption. Yet even in Italy, middle class people can find much to give up without feeling that life is not worth living. They can stop buying new suits for two years, new shoes for a year, new shirts for six months. They can eat meat once a day or four times a week only. They can, above all, cease trying to save for themselves and their successors. One traveller in Italy has therefore come back seeing in the renunciation by the Italian middle class of the effort to build up fortunes and to aim at a progressively elegant and superior and differentiated mode of life, the answer—or some part of the answer—to the question who is paying for the war.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PALESTINE MANDATE

By Kenneth Williams

THE Palestine Mandate is become a tragedy. The pessimists' forebodings have been ignored, but today their justification is complete. The present situation is one for unrelieved gloom.

If there were any truth in the saying that familiarity breeds contempt, Britons might treat as of small account the recurrent troubles in Palestine, for the administration of which country they are responsible to the League of Nations. There were riots in the Holy Land in 1920, in 1921, in 1929, in 1933, and now again in 1936 there have been strikes and bloodshed and outrages.

Nor is the old excuse that firmness alone is needed to remedy the position satisfying to the impartial intelligence. There must be a deeper penetration than that into the problem—and the problem of Palestine is as acute and as delicate as any with which the British Empire has ever been faced. It is the business of the Royal Commission which is expected to proceed to Palestine (its terms of reference have not yet been defined, though they must certainly exceed a mere examination of alleged Arab and Jewish grievances) to make such an investigation, and to show what is desirable, what is practicable, and what is just.

To the Zionists the proposal of a Royal Commission is unpleasing—not unnaturally, for every Commission has reported in the main adversely upon their case. Yet one of their criticisms has foundation, for it is true that of the facts governing the Palestine problem the informed world is already in full possession. No land since the War has been the subject of more expert or more varied examination than Palestine, which indeed has suffered from what is popularly known in Palestine as "Commissionitis." Despite this, however, the British public has never really understood the British policy in Palestine; it has begun to doubt whether the Mandatory Power itself has envisaged

the end it has in view. Is the ultimate independence of Palestine aimed at, in accordance with the professed intentions of the designers of " Class A " Mandates, and on the lines of Iraq ? Or are the Zionists to be placed in a majority before any such large development is even considered ? Was the projected Legislative Council, which roused the Zionists to a bitter fury of denunciation, and provided the British Parliament with an opportunity to display a truly appalling ignorance of the sentiments and condition of the Palestinian peoples, to be an experiment preluding a larger measure of self-government ?

To such questions the British public can supply no answer. It sees only the Palestine Administration groping in the dark, living for the hour, trying to diminish the bitterness as between Arab and Zionist, hoping that, out of a policy of " holding on " and impartially " keeping the ring," some solution may emerge. It suspects that the Mandatory Power has no policy other than this ; and unless and until some definite lead is given to it, some clear evidence of what Great Britain is trying to accomplish, it will continue to suspect the Mandatory Power of a hesitating, obscure, if not a vacillating policy.

Nor is the close observer likely to come to any very different conclusion. He knows that the 1920, the 1921, and the 1929 disturbances in Palestine were fundamentally anti-Zionist ; he recognizes that the riots of 1933 and of the present year were fundamentally anti-British—that is, that they were directed against those primarily responsible for the presence of Zionists in Palestine. But he still lacks indications of any realization that the British Government has perceived the change in the object of Arab attack, which has turned from those they detest to those who have made such hatred possible. Yet the deterioration is profound and serious. Arab Palestine is as united today as any Oriental country could ever be against the policy which is being imposed on it, and with that fact Britons have now to reckon. A blind man could sense the Arab hostility to Zionism, and it needs no prophet to assert that that hostility will endure so long as the political pretensions of the Zionists and the present policy last. This quarrel is no quarrel between Arab and Jew : it has been between Arab and Zionist : it is now, quintessentially, between Arab and Briton.

Let there be no misunderstanding about it: the name of Great Britain today is in Palestine and neighbouring countries more hated even than that of France; the British Empire is in a most dangerous position.

Before we discuss the possible policies that may be adopted by the Mandatory Power, which now, even more than prior to the rise of Italian fame in the Near East, should be anxious to avoid squalls, it may be useful to clear away a few misconceptions to which the disturbances that began last April gave rise. It has been stated that the revolt of the Arabs was due to Italian agents, that Arab leaders were bribed to stir up trouble against the British Empire, that Italian *agents-provocateurs* in Palestine had long been preparing for these troubles, that Arab intransigence could have endured so long as it did only because it was fed on Italian money. Now Italian agents both in the Holy Land and outside it have been indulging in blatant and patent pro-Arab propaganda; the broadcasts from the Bari radio station were full of it, and money from Italian sources has passed not only to Palestinian Arabs, but also to the Arabs, even to the Bedouin, of neighbouring Syria and Trans-Jordan, just as it has passed into Egyptian hands. These facts are not denied. But to suppose that they, and they alone, have been responsible for the disturbances of the present year is simply childish. To presume that the people who previously showed violence to the Zionist immigrants on at least five major occasions within the space of thirteen years needed foreign money and propaganda to manifest a similar spirit again is nothing short of ludicrous. It is on a par with the belief, formerly held by a number of well-meaning people, that the wicked Bolsheviks were responsible for every strike among the workers of the post-War West. At the most Italian propaganda in Palestine can have been but a fillip to folk in whose breasts resentment against their lot had never ceased to smoulder.

Next may be considered a much more widely held conception that the risings of the Arabs are in essence only a revolt of the old against the new. Zionists and pro-Zionist sympathizers, such as Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, have asserted that the spirit of destruction exhibited by the Arabs is merely the spirit of " the Desert " against " the Sown "—in other words, the cause of

barbarism against the cause of civilization, of the primitive against the cultured. A Zionist peer has crystallized this attitude in a famous declaration to the effect that no other country in the Middle East can show a symphony orchestra such as is boasted by the wholly Hebrew town of Tel Aviv.

Symphony orchestras such as these, however, do not always produce harmony, and so simple a diagnosis fails to carry conviction. As well might you say that the Irish, before the end of the " Black and Tan " period, were defending the old against the new, or the Egyptians before the Declaration of Independence of 1922. Or you might say that the communal riots in India between Muslim and Hindu were the clash of barbarism with civilization, and that the rebellion of Iraqis against the British in 1920 and of the Syrians against the French in 1925 was a manifestation of an equally lamentable spirit. No : the trouble goes far deeper than the friction often presented by the meeting of the old and the new, and if we accept so superficial an explanation of Palestine's troubles we shall assuredly fail to touch the root of the problem.

Another explanation, even more regularly preferred by Zionist apologists, and given as the fundamental cause of Arab hostility to the Zionists, is the suggestion that only the self-seeking ambitions of certain Arab politicians, of whom Haj Amin al Husaini, the Mufti of Jerusalem, is commonly looked upon as the ringleader, stand in the way of collaboration between Zionist and Arab, by which is meant acceptation by the Arab of the increasingly dominant position of the Zionists in Palestine. Colour is given to this suggestion in a number of ways. It is remarked that many Arabs, as proved by their conduct, are conscious of the benefits that Zionist wealth and enterprise have brought to their country, that the *fellaheen*, unlike the new immigrants, have no political consciousness, that they are only grateful for the improvement in agriculture which has ensued upon imitation of scientific Zionist methods, that the wages of Arab labourers, largely thanks to the energies of Zionist trades unionists, have risen, that work has been found for thousands of Arabs in industries which owe their impetus to Zionist enthusiasm, that, so far from driving the Arabs out of Palestine, the " prosperity " of the land has attracted twenty

thousand Arabs into the country from neighbouring lands, and so on. In short, the suggestion is that, were a handful of Arab politicians dealt with as any firm Government ought to deal with men who oppose the Mandate, the Holy Land would settle down to an era of unwonted prosperity and contentment.

This diagnosis of Palestine's troubles is more plausible than the others which have been mentioned, and it has deceived the minds of certain non-Jewish observers. There is always a type of intelligence which assumes that the " common man," if left to himself, would never prejudice his day-to-day existence : to this type, a " popular revolt " is almost a contradiction in terms. To it, there are always sinister ringleaders in the background, urging on the innocent to achieve their own dark ends, and themselves skilfully avoiding hurt. It is to this type that the method of a whiff of Government grape-shot invariably appeals—eliminate the few rascals, they say, and time and money will bring all right in the end.

But against so Olympian an attitude the facts in Palestine remorselessly beat. Granted that many Palestinians are primitive and fanatical (brutality is brutality even in our so highly civilized days) ; granted that there are in Palestine reactionaries who hail as martyrs those whom the rest of the world condemns as cheap and unpardonable murderers ; granted that there have been isolated instances of genuine, popular co-operation between Arab and Zionist—yet it needs only a study of the post-War history of Palestine to be convinced that Arab hostility to Zionism owes its animus, not to the promptings of a handful of so-called decadent effendis, but to what is in essence a popular movement. This hostility is psychological, being founded in fear, profound fear for the future, fear for the very security which the Jews claim they have brought to the Arabs. Zionists often endeavour to explain away that fear in economic terms, but though their figures may be, and often are, unassailable, they are irrelevant. You may cure sleeplessness by counting figures, but you do not remove nightmares by that method. Statistics look well on paper, and are comfortably housed in the files of the Secretariat at Geneva ; but what does the Arab who sees boatload after boatload of immigrants being shipped to his

shores, and *dunam* after *dunam* slipping into Zionist hands, care for these things ?

Had the visitor to Palestine no knowledge of the workings of the Palestine Mandate, one journey alone through the Holy Land would enable him to sense the Arab dread of the Zionist invasion. No one could fail to notice the almost complete absence of social intercourse between Arab and Zionist, and no one could fail to wonder why this should be so.

The dominant factor in the present situation, far transcending the propaganda of the Italians, the " destructive spirit of the Desert," the ambitions of Arab politicians, is the anxiety of the Arab population about their future. That anxiety is a very real anxiety, and sympathy with the people who live in its shadow is extended from Morocco to India. Nothing has succeeded in removing it, neither the well-intentioned efforts of the Palestine Administration, nor the happy financial position of the Palestine Exchequer, nor even the expenditure of the Zionists to represent Arabs as friendly to their cause. The proportion of the land actually (and inalienably) in Zionist hands has been exaggerated, but it is considerable, and it constantly increases. The best land in the plains has already gone ; and even into the hills Zionist colonists are now extending. Even faster than the transfer of land increases the Zionist population of Palestine. Given a continuance of the present rate of immigration, the newcomers might well be in a numerical majority within twenty years from now over those whose immemorial home the Holy Land has been.

Is it any wonder, the impartial spectator may ask himself, nay, is forced to ask himself, that the old population is profoundly anxious ? Can anything, with indefinite indulgence in the present policy, he may say, prevent the Arabs, poorer and less educated than the Zionists as they are, from deteriorating to the position of serfs, eking out a miserable existence upon their barren hills ?

The Jews are predominantly in the plains and the Arabs on the hills. Fly over Palestine and you will see, on hill after hill, the tumble-down villages of the Arabs and their brave little terracings, and, on plain after plain, the tidy, garnished colonies of the Zionists, circular or rectangular in shape. Nothing so

clearly enables the visitor to appreciate the change that has come over the countryside of Palestine as a series of flights over this narrow land.

It is this change, this geographical delineation, which has brought an increasing number of disinterested, or at any rate impartial, observers, to favour the scheme known as " Cantonization," that is, the division of the Holy Land into clearly defined areas in which respectively Arab autonomy and Jewish autonomy might be exercised. Many years ago this plan was bruited : I myself first heard of it from Jewish exponents. Recently, as I discovered in Palestine in 1934 and 1935, it has returned, after a period of obscurity, into some prominence. In this country it has been eloquently expounded by a former member of the Palestine Administration, Mr. Archer Cust. In essence, the plan is one for creating Arab and Jewish cantons on the basis of the existing population. Thus the Jews would govern themselves in the coastal plain from Tel Aviv to Athlit, in the Emek from Haifa to Beisan, in the settlements round the Lake of Tiberias and the Lake of Huleh, and in the old colonies south of Jaffa, by the Wadi Hunein. Of such a Jewish canton Tel Aviv would be the natural capital ; and to it the Zionists could add what immigrants they chose. To the Arabs would be allotted the hill country, together with the Arab centres of Nablus, Gaza, Hebron and Acre. It is suggested that to this Arab canton should be added the Arab State of Trans-Jordan, whose Amir, Abdullah, might well choose to remove his capital from Amman to Nablus.

Excluded from either canton, and reserved for direct administration by the Mandatory Power, would be the Holy City of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the port and oil area of Haifa. By such a division of the country, it is claimed—it might involve some removal of existing populations—the Mandatory Power could perfectly fulfil all its obligations and incidentally effect a great saving in the costs of administration.

This is, on paper, at any rate, an attractive scheme, and deserves far more detailed examination than I here have space to give it ; it is indeed so theoretically attractive that the plain man may wonder why, if it be feasible, it has not been tried long ago. So far, however, it has appealed mainly to those who have

no desire for Palestine except that peace should reign there. It has evoked some opposition from Zionists, who, ever wanting more than they have, are not content to divide up the body in accordance with Solomon's precept. From the Arabs no very weighty support has been forthcoming, though individual Arabs have been fascinated by the possibilities of the scheme. Nor in the highest Government quarters has there been shown much disposition to indulge in what the outsider might consider back-pedalling. But quite certainly this scheme of cantonization deserves the closest investigation, and it is to be hoped that the Royal Commission will not pass it by lightly as the vapouring of theorists. Such it is not ; it is the product of hard thinking by men who have lived for years in Palestine, and who see in it the only way out of an intolerable and an unworthy impasse.

It is not for cantonization, however, that the most prominent Arabs are now calling. They demand what may be called the crystallization of Palestine in its present phase, a process which involves the cessation of Zionist immigration and of the transfer of further lands. They demand other things, too, such as the establishment of a real Parliament, as distinct from the smaller grant of a Legislative Council. But their negative programme is the most serious factor in their present attitude : the stopping of all for which the Zionists stand.

Now this question of immigration and of land is extremely vexed. The Government's criterion in respect of it has been the economic absorptive capacity of the country ; yet that is a most elusive phrase. Whether the relatively enormous immigration which has been proceeding during the last year or two has really been absorbed into the economic life of the land would appear more than doubtful—a suspicion to which colour is lent by the fact that the Palestine Exchequer is holding tightly to its surplus of some seven million pounds. An overwhelming proportion of the recent immigrants have flocked, not to the land, but to the town life hitherto regarded as the Jew's sole method of existing. Zionist apologists assert that so long as the balance of payments remains satisfactory, the adverse balance of trade in Palestine is a negligible factor, that there is no doubt that the country can safely absorb several thousand more immigrants, and that those who express concern over the growing disparity

between exports from and imports into Palestine are using entirely incorrect economic criteria for a land such as Palestine. Their view, however, is not widely shared, even though, in recent years, Palestine has become a speculator's Paradise. It certainly is not shared by the Arabs, who foretell a dire economic crisis for their country which, they say, will inevitably hit them, the poorest and least equipped section of the community to meet such a calamity, the hardest of all.

But the question is bound to be asked : could the Mandatory Power so suspend immigration as to counter the Arabs' criticism and at the same time remain faithful to its pledge to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish National Home ? Answer cannot be made until another question has been answered, namely, what is a Jewish National Home ? The Zionists have already proved, what was previously unsuspected, that, given adequate financial support, they can make good in agriculture. Everyone knew that in urban enterprises they had no superior. What more do they want ? Very much ; but the difficulty is that they cannot define how much. They say that a National Home will not have been created until it is safe beyond a peradventure from Arab malevolence : in other words, they postpone the realization of a National Home until the Greek Kalends. But there must come a time when the Mandatory Power pronounces that further facilitation is impracticable, for patently a conditional pledge cannot endure for eternity. Is that time at hand ? Many observers believe that already the Jewish National Home has gone ahead far too rapidly, that the feverish speed at which the Zionists are working will inevitably kill their ultimate hopes. This is a problem upon which the Royal Commission must authoritatively pronounce.

But if neither cantonization nor crystallization be decided upon by the Mandatory Power, there remains one thing only : the continuance of the policy pursued during the last few years. That policy, with whatever reservations it be hedged about, in the form of regulations designed to protect the interests of the indigenous population, means in effect the naked rule of force. It is plain to all that the Palestinian Arabs, howsoever they be conjured or bribed, will never willingly accept that section of the Mandate which imposes upon them an increasing number

of those whom they regard as alien interlopers. Admittedly, Great Britain could hold down Palestine, a country no larger than Wales. But is such to be the policy of a ruling country which everywhere else in the East has shown a disposition to allow to the Orientals formerly under its care a greater and greater degree of independence? It is barely conceivable, even if the strings which the Zionists can pull are long and many. The grander thing, the more statesmanlike thing, to do would be to admit that the Mandate was fashioned largely in ignorance of the facts of Palestine, that we have at last perceived the errors of our ways, and that, without permitting hurt to those who, trusting to our bond, have settled in Palestine, we will forthwith amend our manners.

Were Great Britain to adopt such an attitude, and were the Government to explain it to the country, as they have done on the issue of rearmament, frankly confessing that their earlier policy was mistaken, there would admittedly be protests, denunciations, animosities; but if the British Empire cannot stand up to such things, it will assuredly lose very considerable prestige in the East. So far we have been going up a blind road, and with unseeing eyes; but the scales are now fallen, and we should retrace our steps. The juster way is the more expedient way; but if we continue pathetically groping, it is not so much the Arabs or the Jews as ourselves who will suffer for refusing to turn to the light.

In conclusion, perhaps I may be permitted to remind my readers that, in writing on Palestine in THE FORTNIGHTLY of December, 1933, I said: "The policy of the Palestine Mandate is impracticable. It has failed, and so long as it is persisted in, there will be trouble for Great Britain." It is melancholy and comfortless to indulge in "I told you so." I would only say that everything that has occurred since I wrote those words has buttressed me in the conviction that Great Britain is on a most dangerous road, from which, if she does not change her route, she will emerge with neither gratitude nor gratification. If we do not take to heart the present tragedy of Palestine, there will, beyond a doubt, be stormy weather for us elsewhere than in the Holy Land.

THE BOTTLE OF MEDICINE

By Dr. Harry Roberts

OVER sixty years ago, Dr. Samuel Wilkes, lecturing at Guy's Hospital, thus addressed his students: "All our best treatment is empirical. I should have preferred to have offered you some principles based on true scientific grounds, on which you could act in particular cases. At the present day this cannot be done, nor is it wise to speak of principles when framed from conclusions whose premises are altogether false. To say that I have no principles is a humiliating confession, for my own part, I believe that we know next to nothing of the action of medicines and other therapeutic agents. There was a time when I scarcely dared to confess these opinions to myself, and this is the first occasion in which I have been bold enough to assert them before my class."

These sentiments found an echo in many an honest doctor's heart. The beneficent cynicism grew, and desire for sounder foundations on which serious medical practice might be conducted spread.

Twenty-five years ago it looked to many of us as though the bottle of medicine were on its death-bed. The comparative ineffectiveness and futility of nine-tenths of the drugs in the pharmacopœia had become fairly obvious to most doctors who seriously thought about the matter. Then along came Mr. Lloyd George, with his Health Insurance Bill and his exuberant promise to the working people of this country that if his Bill were passed they would in future be entitled to receive from the doctors as much medicine as they wanted, of the same "high quality" as that of the medicine which hitherto had been available only to the well-to-do classes. Bigger bunk never was.

Today, so far from the medicine bottle being on its death-

bed, it has experienced a renascence. The working men and women who come under the provisions of the Insurance Act drink something like fifteen million quarts of medicine every year—that is, nearly four million gallons. The vendors of proprietary medicines, instead of finding their trade cut into by this cheap rivalry, have gained enormously from the official recognition of the " bottle of medicine " as the essential instrument of medical treatment. The poor panel doctor finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. If, enthusiastically, he endeavours to materialise the promises made to insured persons, and orders for those who consult him the consolatory drugs they expect, choosing such as may afford some relief, or, at any rate, will do no harm, he is liable to be haled before an Insurance Committee and fined for what is called " excessive prescribing." I myself have been fined a hundred pounds for this " offence." If, on the other hand, he is more sternly " scientific " and tells three-fourths of the patients who come to him for advice the hard truth that no medicine in the world is likely to do them any good, and that his professional sense prevents him from ordering medicines which, in similar circumstances, he would not think of taking himself, he is likely to be reported to his Insurance Committee for refusal to treat one of his insured patients, and to be penalised accordingly.

Personally, after over forty years of busy general practice, I doubt if, apart from psychic or " magic " influence, more than one bottle of medicine out of a dozen makes an iota of difference to the course of the illness for which it has been prescribed. On the other hand, I believe that not one bottle of medicine in a hundred does the slightest harm. I do not think, however, that the majority of practising doctors share my incredulity as to the value of the medicines they prescribe for their patients. Most of my doctor friends, when they fall ill, call in a colleague, and in all solemnity take " every three hours " the dose ordered, exactly as does the layman. Sometimes I am inclined to think that the chief difference between the doctor and the quack is that the former believes that his prescription has specific significance ; whilst the quack is often clever enough to recognize both the credulity of scientists and the limitations of established medical science.

Anything that can be called exact science still plays but a very small part in medical practice. We are but at the beginning of a knowledge of how the body works, and of the relation between physical happenings and the emotions. As we learn more about human psycho-physiology, science, we may be sure, will play an increasing part in practice. The material on which we have to work, however, is far from uniform. Not general rules alone, but a quick grasp of varying circumstance and a keen eye for idiosyncrasies—physical and temperamental—with a faculty for prompt and sound judgment, are needed for the efficient practice of everyday medicine. In the absence of these qualities, science will carry the doctor but a little way; yet, without science at the back of his temporizing, he is, of course, no doctor at all. But, to quote Mr. Wilfred Trotter, "the affectation of scientific exactitude in circumstances where it has no meaning is perhaps the fallacy of method to which medicine is most exposed."

It must, moreover, be remembered that the practising doctor, unlike the pure scientist, is constantly being faced with problems calling for an early, often an immediate, solution. He dare not for long remain in a state of scientific doubt; he must act. In the light of such "facts" as present themselves or can be unearthed, a provisional verdict must be arrived at. In the Sir Charles Hastings Lecture last year, Sir Walter Langdon-Browne told how, when he was demonstrator of morbid anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the post-mortem register was still labelled "Register of Complete Cases"—no medical case being considered complete until the post-mortem table was reached. We have got away from that idea now, for we know that a great many of the most important features of an illness are not discoverable *post mortem*, and that not every "case" of illness has that "terminal result."

Though we must assume that the chief ultimate purpose of the doctor and that of the patient are identical—namely, the recovery of the latter—in relation to immediate objects, the points of view of doctor and patient may well differ profoundly. The pain and discomfort which the patient experiences are apt to seem to the serious doctor, however sympathetic, of secondary consequence. As Mr. Trotter explained to his surgical students

a few years ago, the ordinary patient goes to his doctor because he is in pain or because he is suffering some other discomfort, and wants to be comfortable again ; he is not in pursuit of the ideal of health in any direct sense. " The doctor, on the other hand, wants to discover the pathological condition, and control it if he can. The two are thus to some degree at cross-purposes from the first, and, unless the affair is brought to an early and happy conclusion, this divergence of aims is likely to become more serious as the case goes on. The good doctor, therefore, has to learn to serve two objects at the same time—the diagnosis and treatment of the patient's ailment on the one hand, and to keep him comfortable on the other."

Nearly all the medicines in common use are based entirely on empiric observation. Anything worthy of the name of medical science is comparatively new. This does not mean that nearly all medical art is unsound, or that nearly all medical practice is worthless. A cure for scurvy, or, rather, a means of preventing it, was announced a hundred years before science recognized it as a deficiency disease. So with rickets. The efficacy of lemon juice and of cod liver oil in these complaints is no greater since the discovery of vitamins and of the ultra-violet rays of light, important though these discoveries are. The value of quinine in malaria was known many centuries before its lethal potency over the malaria germ—or even the existence of the malaria germ—was suspected ; these examples might be multiplied. The dangers of empiricism as a basis of practice lie in its deceptiveness. If we do not know the nature of the immediate cause of a bodily disorder, and recognize the disease only by its symptoms, there is bound to be confusion, because individual symptoms are common to a large number of diseases. Quinine, for example, is effective in malaria because it has a specific action on the animalcula that causes that disease. Before this was known, quinine was thought to be a valuable drug in all kinds of fevers, as well as in the fever called ague or malaria.

It was not a doctor, but a peasant, who discovered the efficacy of foxglove leaves in certain forms of dropsy ; but, when they heard of it, doctors assumed that digitalis is a specific cure for all forms of dropsy or watery swellings—it was even authori-

tatively commended as appropriate to the treatment of ovarian cysts. Even now, digitalis is, by half the doctors in the country, automatically prescribed for every sort of heart disease, though in fact its great value is manifest in only one form of heart trouble. Nearly all these old, well-established drugs are good for something, but not for one-tenth of the illnesses for which they are prescribed or sold. There are no such things as universal specifics for " headache," for " indigestion," for " coughs," for " sore throats." It is nearly always symptoms of which patients complain to their doctors—though a good many now are coming to know the possible significance of symptoms, and are concerned more about that than about the discomfort which first drew their attention to themselves. One result of this is that the advertised specific " quack medicine " is just about as likely to relieve the unpleasant symptoms experienced by a sick person as is the mixture dispensed by a high-class chemist on the average prescription of a highly-reputed physician. The latter, however, is more often in a position than is the cleverest untrained quack to recognize the particular cause of a symptom and, if the trouble be organic, to give helpful advice or a likely prognosis.

Has the bottle of medicine, then, a future as well as a past ? The answer is, Yes ; though, of course, the administered medicine may not in literal fact be served out in bottles. Even those few drugs discovered, as it were, by chance—quinine, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, foxglove and so on—would never have survived all these hundreds of years had they not often enough manifested their potency. It is thanks to these really useful traditional drugs that the public, and the doctors themselves, have kept up their faith in the efficacy of drugs in general.

But the truly valuable drugs constitute only a trivial proportion of the multitude that still figure in various official pharmacopœias. It was a shrewd as well as a cynical doctor who uttered the aphorism : " He is the best physician who knows the worthlessness of most drugs." This, of course, does not represent, nor was it meant to represent, the whole truth ; but it was a wise as well as a witty saying, all the same ; for the chemical and physiological action of the drugs which the bottle of medicine contains is, in the majority of cases, far less important than are

its psychic or " magic " effects. Man finds it very hard to worship abstractions, without symbols.

Yet, foolish as is the belief that for every human ill there exists a curative drug if we did but know where to find it, at least as foolish is the belief that drug treatment is inevitably ineffective—a mere relic of the superstitious and ignorant Middle Ages. Apart from recently acquired physiological knowledge, the experience of most people would convince any but the prejudiced of the physiological potency of at all events some drugs. The efficacy of opium as a reliever of pain has for thousands of years been beyond doubting ; so with the purgatives ; so with cinchona bark, and a few others. Then came the discovery of the hormones, those chemical messengers and activators manufactured in our own bodily drug factory ; which, though distributed in homœopathic doses, have such vital influence on our physiological and mental well-being. First of all, thyroxin ; then, later, adrenalin and pituitrin ; and, later still, insulin—to give the names of but the better known of these endocrine products or " home-made drugs." These are tangible chemical substances, and in time each will doubtless be synthesised in the laboratory, just as adrenalin is today.

Everyone has heard of the pathetic human creatures known as cretins. There is another pathologically allied state called myxœdema, not very uncommon among middle-aged women, which shows itself by a drying of the skin, general puffiness, and the slowing down of physical and mental activity, including even speech. A great fillip to the belief in drugs was given when it was found that both cretinism and myxœdema result from a lack of the thyroxin normally produced by a gland in the neck, and that myxœdema could be promptly relieved by the administration of this drug extracted from the thyroid gland of other animals. Cretinism, if recognized early enough, also can usually be favourably influenced in the same way. No less impressive is the potency of the pituitary secretion. The pituitary gland is a tiny structure weighing but a fraction of a gramme, situated at the base of the skull. It consists of two lobes which, except in anatomical position, seem to have little in common with one another. The front gland or lobe plays an important part in regulating our growth and our sex physiology.

If the secretion of this lobe is sub-normal, we get dwarfism and sex infantilism ; if it is above normal, we get gigantism—all reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland. Equally potent, but very different in its action, is the secretion of the posterior lobe. On its presence in correct amount, the healthy tone of the blood-vessels largely depends. When it is realized that, normally, only about one two-thousandth of a milligramme of the active principle of this secretion is present in the entire blood of an adult, the notions of those who disbelieve in the potential efficacy of chemical substances in regulating bodily processes are likely to be shaken.

A discovery, perhaps even more significant in relation to the effect of drugs on the human body, is that messages sent along nerves produce their action through the intermediation of a chemical substance brought into existence by that message. It was found out some years ago that on stimulation of the vagus nerve—whose messages exercise an inhibitory influence on the heart's beat—a substance called acetylcholine is liberated in the heart-muscle, and that when brought into contact with another heart, this substance exercises an inhibitory influence just as would stimulation of the vagus nerve itself. It was further found that the drug atropin, obtained from belladonna, neutralises the effects of acetylcholine, just as we know it temporarily puts the vagus nerve out of action—or, rather, prevents the drug produced at the nerve's terminal from entering into combination with the receptive substance in the heart-muscle. As it has neatly been put : " substances produced temporarily and locally, by virtue of their chemical properties, translate for the tissues the messages of nerves." To those unfamiliar with physiology, all this probably seems rather involved and difficult to follow. But it is worth trying to understand, for the therapeutic possibilities arising out of this new knowledge are almost infinite. Biochemistry, limited though is its immediate practical application, has a big future before it.

In so far as drugs have any action on the workings of the body, they act by favouring or hindering certain tissue tendencies. The often-quoted saying of Ambroise Paré, " I dressed his wounds, God healed him," is as applicable to the physician as to the surgeon. The administration of helpful drugs in the case

of a medical lesion is, as we are increasingly coming to see, but the equivalent of the ligatures and dressings of the surgeon. As Sydenham wrote : " The chief weakness of medicine is not our ignorance as to the ways and means by which certain indications may be satisfied, but our ignorance of the particular indications that thus want satisfying. How I can make a patient vomit, and how I can purge or sweat him, are matters which a druggist's shop-boy can tell me off-hand. He can tell me, too, how to cool a man when he is heated. When, however, I must use one sort of medicine in preference to another, requires an informant of a different kind—a man who has no little practice in the arena of his profession."

JUBILEE OF THE RAND

By Sir Robert N. Kotze

DURING the present year an important Empire Exhibition is to be held in Johannesburg, which will celebrate a very memorable event in South African history: the discovery of the rich gold deposits of the Rand. Fifty years ago Frederick Struben was working a small gold mine on the northern flanks of the range of hills known as the Witwatersrand (ridge of white waters). The mine was in itself of little significance or value and is now derelict and forgotten. The lode worked was a quartz body such as is commonly associated with gold in parts of the globe. While so engaged he discovered that certain conglomerates (Afrikaans *banket*) in the neighbourhood also carried gold, and further search by himself and others soon disclosed that some of the beds, or reefs as they are called in South Africa, carried the precious metal in highly " payable " quantity. These beds are now known as the Main Reef Series and have yielded by far the largest portion of the gold which has been won on the Witwatersrand.

The occurrence of payable gold in such conglomerates was in itself a new discovery for the world, and the professional mining engineers of that time were extremely suspicious of such a phenomenon. It took years of practical demonstration to convince them, and others, that here was a permanent and vast deposit of gold, such as had never before been seen, and which is probably unique in the world.

The geological formation in which these reefs occur is very ancient. It was laid down probably in the delta of a large river, long before the advent of life in any form on earth ; one would not be far wrong in saying that these beds are 1,000 million years old. They represent the detritus or remains of even more ancient rocks, carried down by the river and spread out in

the delta near its entrance into the sea. The extent of the Witwatersrand goldfield is sixty miles from east to west, and the total known extent of the formation exceeds 150 miles. It might seem that this is too large to be accounted for by a delta, but the deltas of some modern rivers like the Mississippi and the Yangtze are even larger. The mere extent of the beds presents no difficulty that the delta theory does not cover. There are, however, other features of the formation which are not readily accounted for by the delta theory, and a full and satisfactory explanation of the origin of all the details of the beds is not yet available.

The reader must picture the Main Reef Series as a set of beds like coal seams, but containing, instead of black coal, a conglomerate consisting of rounded white pebbles from half an inch to two inches in diameter, embedded in a species of hard sandstone which is brown at or near the surface and bluish when it comes from a depth. The thickness of the beds varies from a few inches to five or six feet and more.

The small mines of earlier days have been merged into larger properties, and today there are only thirty-five producing mines. Outcrop mines are located on the beds of conglomerate where they come to the surface, while deep level mines extract the ore from the same beds at depths, in precisely the same way as a coal seam might be mined near the surface by one colliery and at a greater depth by another immediately adjacent. Amongst the mines there are several that rank as the largest gold producers in the world. Half-a-dozen of them handle over 2 million tons a year, and two of these over 4 million tons.

The deepest mines in the world are also to be found here, one mine having reached a maximum depth of 8,500 feet. High temperature is the most serious difficulty encountered at such great depths, but fortunately the rate of increase of temperature is low. In most parts of the world the temperature gradient is about 1° F. for every 60 feet of depth, but on the Rand the rate is 1° F. for every 200 feet. The average temperature at surface being about 65° F., this means that at a depth of 8,500 feet the rock temperature is about 107° F., where it would have been over 200° F. in most other parts of the world.

High temperature, coupled with the humid air prevalent in

mines, makes continuous hard work impossible for any length of time. Heat stroke, sometimes resulting in death, may follow. The temperature has therefore to be reduced by the use of ventilating fans such as are employed in coal mines, and a few of the deeper mines have also installed air-cooling plant, by means of which a further substantial reduction of temperature can be secured.

By these means it is hoped to carry operations to a depth of 10,000 or even 12,000 feet, a depth undreamt of in mining only a few years ago. The limit to the depth at which mining is possible is set, not only by natural physical conditions, but also by economic considerations. With the increase in depth, costs increase for many reasons. The ore broken, as well as the persons employed and the materials used, have to be hoisted from greater depths, and in addition labour gets less and less efficient and more costly per ton of ore mined. If the gold won is sufficient to pay for it, there may still be a profit in spite of the increase in cost, but finally a limit is reached. Expensive plant, for example, can be installed to cool the air, but only if the ore is rich enough to pay for it.

The continuity of the auriferous beds and of their gold contents is astonishing. Not only do these reefs outcrop, or show their upturned edges at surface, over a length of 60 miles and more, but as they plunge into the depth they can be followed for miles on their sloping downward course, getting thicker here and thinner there, but still continuous. And they also continue to carry gold to the greatest depths hitherto reached. It is true that on the whole the outcrop mines were richer than are the deep levels, but there are exceptions. It is to this extensiveness of the ore bodies and to the continuity of their gold contents that the goldfield owes its unique character. Gold bearing lodes elsewhere in the world have been far richer in the amount of gold contained per ton of ore, or in the thickness of the lode, but in comparison to the Rand, they have been of insignificant extent laterally or in depth, and either the lode or its gold has disappeared within a few thousand feet.

On the whole the Rand is a low grade goldfield. There are a few mines, such as the Subnigel and Springs Mines, with high-grade ore, but the average value per ton of the conglomerate

is so low that it only pays by operating on a large scale and thus spreading overhead charges over as large a tonnage as possible. The efficiency of all operations is constantly watched and improved, and has reached a pitch of excellence which elicits the admiration of all professional mining visitors from abroad.

The amount of gold in the conglomerate is so small and is distributed in such minute particles that it is seldom to be seen in any specimen of the rock. The process of winning it consists in breaking and grinding the rock in water to powder, catching the coarser gold particles on a species of rough cloth, and dissolving the finer particles in a solution of cyanide. When the gold is thus dissolved the clear fluid containing the gold is separated from the sand and mud of the crushed rock, and treated with zinc, which throws out the gold as a grey slimy powder. This is collected and melted down, and finally appears in the form of gold bars. These are brick-shaped ingots of yellow metal weighing up to 1,000 ounces, and consisting of about 90 per cent. gold and 10 per cent. silver, and are sent to a central refinery for refining and for the separation of the silver. The end products are gold and silver of a high degree of purity, which are again cast into bars for commercial use or transmission to the banks or overseas.

The native labourers in the mines were formerly mainly recruited by special agencies which approached them in their homes, but nowadays a large percentage of them need no such recruiting. but offer themselves voluntarily. The best recruiting agent is the returned native labourer himself. In many native areas it is deemed to be the hallmark of achievement in the tribe for the young native to have worked on the gold mines of the Rand. These native labourers are, of course, largely savages, and have to be taught their work. They contract to work for a period, generally of six months or more, and then may either go home or bind themselves for a further period. They are housed in barracks called compounds, in one of which as many as 10,000 natives may be quartered. They are fed by the mines on rations laid down by Government regulation, and their physical condition on the mines is generally much better than it is in their homes. Medical attendance and hospitals are provided for them.

Recreation is encouraged, and the war dances indulged in on some of the mines on Sundays are a standing attraction which no visitor should miss. Arrayed in the picturesque native panoply of war, the mimic warriors display their prowess to the chant of war songs, while tomtoms and Kaffir " pianos " emit barbaric music. From time to time one or more of the impassioned warriors will dash forward and indulge in a bit of individual byplay for the especial entertainment of the onlookers. Such displays are otherwise only to be seen on rare occasions in more or less inaccessible places, but are here readily accessible.

The present relative prosperity of the dominion is due to the prosperity of its gold mines and to the great expansion in the industry which has taken place during the last three years since South Africa went off the gold standard and the price of gold rose. How great that expansion has been may be gauged from a few figures. The last year of the gold standard in South Africa was 1932, and the returns of that year show the following comparison with those of 1935 for all the gold mines of the Transvaal, which include some relatively small mines outside the Witwatersrand.

Producing Gold Mines:	1932	1935
Tons of ore crushed	35,700,00	45,800,000
Ounces of gold recovered	11,600,000	10,800,000
Value of gold recovered	£49,100,000	£76,500,000
Dividends paid (Calendar year)	£9,000,000	£16,400,000
Paid to Government as taxation and share of profits	£4,300,000	£14,300,000
All Gold Mines:		
Spent in salaries and wages	£16,800,000	£23,100,000
Spent on stores	£16,100,000	£25,600,000
Europeans employed	24,300	34,500
Natives and coloured persons employed	228,900	299,200

The history of the Witwatersrand gold mines has been one of almost continuous progress. After the earlier vicissitudes culminating in the Anglo-Boer war, the industry settled down to a period of steady development. Fortunately the law-givers of republican days were wisely guided and evolved a gold law which is on the whole at least as good as that of any other country in the world. In 1908 a general consolidation of the law was enacted and an important new principle introduced. Prior

to that time, it had been the law to allow auriferous areas to be pegged out as " claims " on the principle of " first come, first served." But when very valuable auriferous land had to be dealt with this system was found to invite trouble, and it was finally decided to lease these lands direct.

The State's share of profit is generally arranged on a sliding scale. When the profit per ton is low, the State takes only a small percentage of the profits ; when it is high, a very substantial one. In addition, these so-called " leased mines " also pay the same tax on profits as is paid by other mines, an income tax which is fixed by law from year to year.

In the period of inflation following the great war, wages and cost of materials rose to unprecedented figures and costs became so high that the mines were forced to work their higher grade ore only. The industry was threatened with disaster, and in order to avert it steps were taken to reduce wages and discharge redundant workers. A bitter but unsuccessful revolutionary strike resulted, and thereafter the changes proposed were carried into effect. Within a year the industry was reconstituted. Costs fell by more than 6s. per ton, and lower-grade ore again became workable. By the year 1927 the number of white workers had mounted to its old figure, and thereafter the industry continued to expand.

A few years later ominous signs of an early decline of the industry began to appear. It was shown, however, that if only costs could be reduced large quantities of low grade ore would become workable. If they could be got down from the average of about 20s. per ton to 16s., the tonnage and the life of the industry would be doubled, to the enormous advantage of the country. How to effect this reduction was the problem, for no definite solution was visible. In the meantime Great Britain had gone off the gold standard. South Africa, for various reasons, continued to adhere to it, only to find that its economic position was rapidly growing worse and worse. Finally, after fifteen months of struggle, South Africa also was forced off gold. The result was a marvellous and rapid restoration of prosperity. In the gold-mining industry the recovery exceeded all expectations. Parity of exchange with London once more gave our exporters the full benefit of the price received in Europe for their

products. Instead of receiving only 16s. for every £1 worth of gold or any other produce sold in London, they now received 20s. The price of gold, which had been 85s. per ounce, went on rising until it even surpassed the present level of about 140s. per ounce.

The essence of this situation lay in the fact already mentioned that we had vast quantities of low-grade ore, and in the existence of large areas of still unexplored mineralized ground. The marginal low-grade ore which had been unpayable before now became payable. The resultant benefit is equivalent to a fall in costs of over 6s. per ton. Where a fall of 4s. in costs would have doubled our available tonnage, the new conditions have trebled that tonnage.

An enormous stimulus was given to the opening up of the dormant mineral areas. The known auriferous lands were rapidly taken up by mining companies for which there was now no difficulty in finding the capital, and intensive search began for the continuation of the Main Reef Series in the doubtful areas. This exploratory work has had the benefit of the recently developed geophysical methods, and is being richly rewarded.

The Main Reef Series lies buried south west of the Witwatersrand under the cover of several thousands of feet of younger formation, and its position and existence were equally uncertain. The prospecting operations have been very successful, and today it looks as if we are witnessing the opening up of a new goldfield in the south-west, probably larger than any other in the world excepting the old Witwatersrand field.

Given a continuation of the high price of gold, South Africa is thus launched on a new era of prosperity. Up to the present fourteen new properties have been floated. Most of them show promise of becoming large producing mines in course of time. Other properties will also be launched in the near future. The existing mines have nearly all had their life greatly prolonged by the possibility of working their low grade marginal ore. Several old properties, formerly closed down as unpayable, have been reopened.

Recently the writer made what was considered at that time to be rather a fanciful estimate of the probabilities ten or twelve

years hence. He made the forecast that by that time the industry would have doubled its tonnage and its expenditure on costs, that it would employ 50,000 whites and 400,000 natives, and that the population of the Rand would be 50 per cent. higher than it is at present.

Within a few months the forecast has found support. Steps are already being taken by the Chamber of Mines and by the Government to secure a much larger force of native labour than we now have. Such preparations must be made, in new recruiting areas, several years ahead. It requires time for the natives in a new field to look with favour upon the idea of working on the, to them, unknown mines of the Witwatersrand, and for recruiting efforts to be successful in such a new area.

The taxation on the gold mines is more onerous than it is in other gold producing countries. On the average it amounted in 1935 to about 40 per cent. of the net profits. The taxation, being so burdensome, has some deterring effect on the provision of capital for new ventures, but this has not hitherto proved serious, and the weight of current political opinion in South Africa is in favour of the Government appropriating as substantial a portion of the profits as can safely be taken. Gold mines being wasting assets, it is thought that the State should utilize them as far as practicable in such a time of prosperity to secure its position against the evil days that may come, days when perhaps these assets may have disappeared for ever. It will be seen from the figures already given that the State has taken the bulk of the extra profits due to the higher price of gold.

As to the ultimate life of the goldfield, no forecast is possible. It is clear that with gold at its present price and with costs of working remaining substantially at their present level, the field has a long and prosperous future before it. Many hundreds, probably several thousands, of millions of pounds' worth of gold will be produced to add to the world's stores of the precious metal. But it all depends on one thing: the maintenance of gold in its present unchallenged position in the world of finance. Fortunately for South Africa, no substitute has yet been found for the precious metal in this respect. Although gold may have disappeared for ever in the form of coins, recent financial

history has entrenched it more firmly than ever in its commanding position in the economic affairs of the world.

We therefore think that we have every reason for confidence in the maintenance of our great national fountain of prosperity. A possibility to be guarded against is that of a substantial difference arising between our pound and the British pound. Our exports are larger than our imports, and allowing for invisible imports, the balance of payments is similarly in our favour. A continuation of these conditions over many years may lead to difficulties, and perhaps make it impossible to maintain practical parity of exchange between London and South Africa. The present policy of the South African Government to make every effort towards encouraging exports and discouraging imports by the establishment of local industries and protective duties, may therefore in the long run entail disastrous results for all exporters, whether they be producers of gold or of wool, fruit, or anything else. The position obviously needs careful watching.

The visitor to the Empire Exhibition who takes an interest in gold mines will find much to increase that interest if he takes a little trouble. Permission to visit a mine is not difficult to obtain, and the visitor should not be content merely with admiring our array of head frames and spectacular white sand dumps, gleaming mile by mile in the bright South African sunshine. He should go underground, inspect the reduction plant, visit the central gold refinery and the native compounds and procure information which is readily obtainable on the various aspects and features of our mines. The professional mining visitor especially will find that he can spend several months crammed with interest on this goldfield. All of them will find that they are very welcome.

THE CRITIC AND CONSISTENCY

By Ernest Newman

I

IT looks as if criticism in general as it has hitherto been understood, and musical criticism in particular, are on the way to final discredit along with so many other institutions bequeathed to us by a more stable and more credulous past. For quite a long time, criticism's bugbear has been the personal equation. If criticism is judging, and if the critic's judgments are to carry any authority, we have a right to demand that judgment shall be given in accordance with what both the defendant and the spectators in court can regard as the law. But all attempts to formulate the law have broken down at some point or other. Nor does it help us in the least to declare valorously that the quest for laws is in vain, and that, even supposing them to be discovered or discoverable, criticism based on them would be a rather dull affair—that the wise critic will confine himself to saying, with Anatole France, " Today I am going to talk about myself *à propos* of So-and-So or Such-and-Such." That is a mere evasion of the problem of authority, not a solution of it.

For in the first place the very critics who, in one breath, deny that criticism can or should be anything but the expression of a personal point of view are found denying, in the next, the right of those who differ from them to have *their* personal point of view : anyone who differs from them is confidently declared to be " wrong." Some years ago a literary critic objected that Mr. John M. Robertson's painstaking efforts to find some kind of objective basis for cricisism " did not give us certitude, for this same scientific method found little poetry in the *Ode to a Skylark* and heaps of it in the most minor things of Edgar Allan Poe." Denying, that is, that " certitude " in judgment *can* be found, this critic suggests in the same breath that *he* has found

it ; for the plain implication of his words is that everyone who knows what real poetry is will take *his* view, not Robertson's, of the values revealed in certain poems. Does Anatole France's well-known remark, the writer continued, " reduce criticism, then, to a matter of taste ? Of course it does, but it is the taste of the critic that matters." Here again the implication is that *his* taste, and that of people who happen to share his taste, is the criterion of " certitude." We are no further, then, at the end of it all than when we started. The critic who relies on individual or group taste as a criterion of values must do one thing or the other—either admit that one taste is in the last resort as good as another, or give us reasons why we should regard *his* taste or that of his group as having the authority of law for all men of taste ; in which latter case he will have to go in quest of those very principles of objective certitude whose existence he began by denying.

In the second place, abstract criteria of excellence, supposing them to be discoverable, are one thing : the application of them in practice may be quite another. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has praised Matthew Arnold because he treated criticism " as a deliberate disinterested art, with laws and methods of its own, a proper temper, and *certain standards or touchstones of right taste* [italics mine] by which the quality of any writing, as literature, could be tested " ; after which it seems grossly disrespectful on our part not to accept all Arnold's judgments as binding upon the whole world of letters. I have never known a critic yet who was not firmly convinced that *his* " standards or touchstones of right taste " were not mere matters of individual appetite but principles rooted in the eternal reason of things : his difficulty has always been to persuade others that his application of these eternal principles in this case or that is compellingly valid. The nineteenth century critics of Wagner were always assuring their readers that Wagner's music was a sin against what they called " true art." If, they said, true art means this, that, and the other, then Wagner's works are not true art. It is beyond question that this, that, and the other are to be found in all true art. It has long been equally beyond question, for the world at large, that these qualities are found in Wagner. The trouble was that his contemporary critics could not see

that their own principles were realised in his practice. Evidently it is not enough to be the fortunate possessor of the " touchstones of right taste " ; one needs also the ability to apply them.

In the third place, all attempts at compromise between the opposing views of the critic as a purely personal assayer and the critic as a law-giver—in virtue of certain touchstones of right taste—have broken down. Refuge has been taken, for example, in the formula that the critic's first duty is to try to " see the thing as it really is," to " see the work of art as the artist conceived it." But alas, this recipe will not work either. For one thing, to see each work of art as the artist saw it would be to declare every work of art first-rate, for that is certainly what the artist thought it when he created it. For another, the old spectre of the personal equation pops up its embarrassing head once more. To see the thing as someone else sees it implies that you are constructed along the same lines as he, whereas the diversity of men's reactions to this or that artist obviously comes from the simple fact that, in colloquial language, he strikes on A's box but not on B's. Would Dr. Isaac Watts have been able, try as he might, to see a single one of the poems of the *Fleurs du Mal* as it really is ? Everyone agrees that what Tchaikovsky thought of Brahms is not evidence. According to Delius, admiration of Mozart is a sure proof that you are no musician. The notion that it is within the capacity of the critic to see a work of art as it really is leaves out of consideration the notorious fact that beauty is less in the thing itself than in the eye of the beholder.

II

The personal equation has long been a thorn in the flesh of criticism, a thorn that not all the scientific method in the world has so far been able to pluck out. What now if the devil's advocate sets himself gleefully to the task not of plucking it out, but of driving it further in ? We have hitherto accepted unquestioningly the term " personal equation " as expressive of a reality. But what if at the back of it there is no reality ? What if the concept of a " person " is itself a mere delusion ? We talk about a " man," meaning thereby a definite entity that is one with itself the whole time it walks the earth. But what if there is no entity really corresponding to the term ? What if,

applying to man himself the Heracleitean doctrine of perpetual flux, we decide that a permanent personality is merely a metaphysical delusion? No man bathes in the same river twice, said the old Greek thinker. True there is always something which, our organs of perception being what they are, we agree to regard as the same river. But it is not the same river, for every atom of it is in endless motion. Not only is the Thames today not the same Thames upon which Julius Cæsar looked, but it is not the same for any two consecutive seconds as I look at it today; for second by second each drop of water passes on and is replaced by another. The idea of objective permanence is an illusion. What now if our very personalities are merely a subjective illusion, a concept of permanence imposed for working purposes upon the perpetual flux of personalities within us? Admit that this is so, and the quest for certitude in criticism becomes more hopeless than before.

It has always been held that a marked departure from a critical position formerly occupied with complete confidence discredits, if not criticism in general, at any rate the critic. When Arnold, for instance, who had begun by denying a first place in poetry to Byron—alleging that he was "empty of matter"—placed him, in later years, alongside Wordsworth in the front rank of nineteenth century poets, some of his readers may not unreasonably have asked what value could be attached to "touchstones of right taste" that yielded such different results from the same material at different periods. Knowing how hard it has gone with famous critics who have affirmed A and not-A with equal confidence at different periods of their lives, each conscientious critic, recognizing something of that embarrassing process in his own judgments, has become a trifle perturbed not only about himself, but about the whole problem of criticism.

My revered master, the late John M. Robertson, who did more hard thinking about criticism and its problems than any other writer on the subject, past or present, was himself faced with this awkward question when, in 1927, he came to reprint some essays originally written more than thirty years before. He found that he no longer looked at certain things in the former way. "It is a fine question," he said, "whether the critic, of all men, can without serious self-impeachment avow a serious

change of judgment. . . . It is a serious matter for the critic, as such, to have to avow that he has given a false judgment; for it means that, however honest in intention, he has used false tests. . . . He must in honesty be prepared to make confession of change of position when he finds it has taken place. And if it should chance that the change is such as to discredit his claim to authority, the more honest he is in his function the better will his service be (if he can render any) in respect of giving his reasons." These changes of opinion have a genuine scientific value, for an examination of the causes of them, by the critic himself or by others, may help towards a clarification of the fundamental critical problem; but they emphatically discredit the critic as an "authority." He is absolved, however, if, abandoning all claim to authority, he accepts the position frankly as it is, recognizing that the complex of forces he calls his "self" is as subject to the law of the flux of things as any other phenomenon of nature.

III

To complicate the matter still further there is an epochal as well as a personal equation: not only each individual but each age naïvely prides itself on having at last attained to the real truth in art. The terms of commendation of one age become, to a later age, terms of derision or of obloquy. Baroque, for instance, became, towards the end of the eighteenth century, a pure term of abuse among critics. It was defined by Quatremère de Quincy as "le raffinement, ou, s'il était possible de le dire, l'abus du bizarre. L'idée du baroque entraine avec soi celle du ridicule poussé à l'excès." Ironically enough, however, these very terms of abuse had been applied to their own art by the founders and contemporaries of baroque as terms of the highest eulogy. "Capriccioso," "bizzarro," "stravagante" were then not words of censure but of praise. Vasari, discussing Michelangelo, uses "stravagante" and "bellissimo" as interchangeable terms: he praises Michelangelo for having "covered up with delightful and capricious ornaments the defects of nature." The eighteenth century, priding itself on having "returned to nature," wrote off baroque as a regrettable aberration on the part of its misguided ancestors: while a still later generation has returned

with enthusiasm to baroque, and finds, for its part, the art and the criticism of the epoch of the " return to nature " a trifle conventional and colourless.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries " Gothic " was a term of abuse, synonymous with " barbarism," not only among architects and art-critics—" today," said one of them, " no one who understands *true architecture* " builds in that way—but among literary men : Boileau thought he had disposed of Ronsard when he called him " gothic," while Molière could speak of

> Le fade goût des monuments gothiques,
> Ces monstres odieux des siècles ignorants
> Que de la barbarie ont vomis les torrents. . . .

And just as some of our old-fashioned younger people of today, with youth's eternal and infallible flair for anticipating the past, would fain banish Beethoven or Wagner from our concert halls and theatres as *démodés*, so a French critic of 1800 put forward, in all seriousness, a plan for burning down all the Gothic cathedrals in ten minutes with the minimum of trouble, expense, and risk.

These instances—which might be multiplied a thousandfold—of a naïve change of point of view on the part of a whole epoch are the secular equivalent of self-contradiction on the part of an individual ; and if only epochs were as given to self-doubt and self-searching as wise individuals are, they would recognize that for them also, in Robertson's words, a serious change of judgment is a serious self-impeachment. For, supposing there to be a " right " and a " wrong " in art, the same thing cannot possibly be " right " at one time and " wrong " at another, and then once more " right " a century or two later still ; from an age, as from an individual, we are surely entitled to demand that its measuring rod shall not contain at one time twelve inches to the foot and at another five or fifteen.

IV

The difficulty vanishes, however, if we recognise frankly that for both the individual and the age the canons of what is good and bad in art are in perpetual flux. We make it no ground of complaint against the creative artist that his attitude towards his

art and the world changes with the years. Why should we make such change a ground of complaint against the critic? To blame the critic for "inconsistency" in having other standards at sixty than those he had at thirty is as fatuous as to regard it as a sad lapse from "consistency" on Wagner's part not to have gone on writing *Rienzis* all his life, or to have thrown over, in *Parsifal*, many of the principles of verse-construction for musical purposes that he had looked upon as dictated by the very nature of the two arts when he conceived the *Ring*, or, having declared the Ninth Symphony to be the last, its special virtue consisting in its having called in the aid of words at the point at which music of itself could reach no further, he should in his old age have been planning symphonies and quartets of his own on purely instrumental lines.

The truth is that the personality of the critic, as well as of the artist in his dual capacity of creator and critic, is as subject as everything else in this world to the law of flux. Only half-wits will expect "consistency" of either of them, in the sense that what he has once thought he should always think. We have been regaled recently by the spectacle of Stravinsky, whose advanced creative work during the last fifteen years or so has shown him making a valiant effort to catch up with the past, retracting his former disparagement of Beethoven as being "too philosophical" a composer, and discovering that a Beethoven deserves the respectful attention of even a Stravinsky.

Changes of this kind, over which we have no control, are incessantly going on within all of us, affecting profoundly our view of artists and art-works. Nor does it even follow, as a matter of logical necessity, that the changes are for the better, though we always indulge ourselves in the hope that they are. It was hardly a change for the better in Goethe that after adoring Michelangelo he should come to rank him lower than Raphael: still less a change for the better was it that made him now turn a cold eye on Michelangelo's sculptures, preferring to them the conventional classicism of the Apollo Belvedere. He was merely seeking himself—the self of that particular stage of his development—in the art-works he saw, praising and blaming them according to whether they swelled or ran counter to the current

of his own inner life. This is what we all do. An aliment that was once a prime necessity to our spiritual health becomes in later years unnecessary, perhaps even unassimilable; conversely we find ourselves extracting vitamins from what we formerly looked upon as mere chaff. A vast amount of inconsistency in our judgments over a period of years is therefore inevitable. But we are not guilty of self-contradiction. We are as true to ourselves in our later judgments as in our earlier; it is simply that our present self is not our old one. The richer the nature of the critic, indeed, the more he will change with the years. It is the more jejune natures that preserve unaltered into mature life the same artistic passion or phobia that directed their judgment in earlier years: the animal that takes the most consistent view of its environment all its life is probably the blind cave-crab.

No authority whatever, then, can be claimed for criticism, no "standards or touchstones of right taste" can be found. Between the personal equation, the epochal equation to which we are all as subject as to the personal, and the fact that even the personal equation itself is not a constant in any of us, because our very personality changes with the years, the last shred of authority is torn from the miserable body of criticism. The critic as law-giver is a figment of the past. The most the critic can hope to do is to furnish by his restless, pathetic activity a future and a wiser age with material enough to define with something like certainty the limits of our understanding of art and artists, and explain the causes of our misunderstanding of them.

THE GHOST OF JEFFERSON

By D. W. Brogan

IT is thirty-six years since " Mr. Dooley " commented on the old American habit of consulting the ancestral voices on great questions of public interest and he commented on it with his usual good sense. Both the presidential candidates of 1900 were, he asserted, " ancesther worshippers like th' Chinese, Hinnissy. An' what I'd like to know is what Thomas Jefferson knew about th' troubles iv ye an' me ? Divvle a wurrud have I to say again' Thomas. He was a good man in his day, though I don't know that his battin' av'rage 'd be high again th' pitchin' iv these times. I have a gr-reat rayspict f'r the sages, an' I believe in namin' sthreets an' public schools afther thim " But the practical Mr. Dooley wanted his " advice up-to-date," and when confronted with tags from either Jefferson or Washington, declared to the quoters : " they larned their thrade befure th' days iv open plumbin'. I says, ' Tell us what is wanted ye'ersilf or call in a journeyman who's wurrukin' card is dated this cinchry.' "

Despite this brisk dismissal of the appeal to the great ancestors, the American mind is still, in political matters, reverent in a fashion no longer dominant in China, and the ghost of many a founding father walks today, not in mere oratorical flourishes like those of the late Warren Gamaliel Harding, but in actual controversies between representatives of great interests and great schools of thought. Texts are quoted from the sacred writings with fundamentalist fervour and bandied to and fro in battles far from mimic. There is a rich choice of scripture to draw on but, for the moment, one father leads all the rest. As a source of modern controversial material, Thomas Jefferson is first and the rest nowhere. The Jeffersonian answer to the American riddle is being sought, and when found announced to the world in speeches, in pamphlets, in books, and at least until

November of this year the search will continue, for the voluminous works of the master are rich in missiles if not in wisdom.

Why should Thomas Jefferson have attained this primacy? It is at first sight hard to understand. A generation ago Jefferson's fame was clouded enough. He was the founder of the party which had backed the loser in the great conflict of the Civil War and, in an age in which the new Republican party was dominant in the field, in letters, in economics, the claims of Jefferson on public admiration were given more formal than real reverence. Even hereditary Democrats like Woodrow Wilson were cold in their attitude to Jefferson and that smug and bitter partisan, Henry Cabot Lodge, was full of contempt for the vague and sly " idealist " who had dared to oppose (and to defeat) his idol, Hamilton.

In general, the low esteem in which the achievements of the third president of the United States were held by the educated classes was not countered by irritation bred by too vigorous a teaching of the lesson that the future in America lay with more practical creeds like that of Hamilton, creeds whose essential rightness was demonstrated by the wealth and power of that business society of which Hamilton had dreamed. It is true that even in such centres of Republican enlightenment as Boston the ghost of Jefferson walked. Though gallant efforts were made to forget it, the Republican party itself, sacred organ of Hamiltonian practice, had had to pay lip-service to Jefferson, even to taking the name of the party he had founded, and on a note of surprise that suggests some historical naïvety, the late Irving Babbitt, doctrinaire conservative of Harvard, had noted that Lincoln had to defend himself from the charge of having spoken ill of Jefferson!

Every year, on the great annual festivity, the Declaration was read, the Declaration that the young Virginia lawyer had made at the invitation of the Continental Congress in 1776. To a modern English historian, the style of that document is bad; it certainly bears little resemblance to his own baroque-gothic eloquence, but to the simple-minded American the phrases were not merely true and touching but beautiful:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal,

that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness—that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of governed—that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

The average American learned these phrases as a creed at school ; he reflected on them as little as most men do on what they learn at school ; he doubted, as little as most men do, what he had been taught, and he saw no need to apply, with pedantic accuracy, principles that he never thought of denying. So there was no determined or united opposition to such adventures in imperialism as the conquest of the Phillipines. The man in the street was not unattracted by the gaudy charms of empire and the United States, as William James put it, " puked up her principles ". There were protests, however ; protests from odd quarters. Speaker Reed, the " Czar of Congress ", long thought of as the most orthodox of Republicans, most hard-boiled of politicians, resigned from Congress rather than be a party to the betrayal of American principles. But the practical men had their way over the mere sentimentalists. Lodge and Beveridge were eloquent on the glories and profits of the new imperialism, on the trade and cultural possibilities of the Phillipines and other deep matters. By some accident or other, the matter of fact objective plans and hopes of the practical men have turned out to be dreams far more remote from reality than any of the sentimental *clichés* of the Jeffersonians.

Who could foresee that by the year 1933, in the controversy over the methods of liquidation, Jefferson would be raised to the rank of prophet by both sides. Who so sound on suspicion of all government action as Jefferson—given by the far from admiring Macaulay, the praise of being no meddler ? Who so determined an enemy of personal power, of authority concentrated in the hands of a small group as Jefferson ? Was not President Roosevelt an usurper of authority in a fashion beyond Hamiltonian dreams ? Was he not an embryo Napoleon, and what had Jefferson said of the Corsican Ogre ? " A cold-blooded, calculating, unprincipled usurper, without a virtue ; no statesman, knowing

nothing of commerce, political economy, or civil government, and supplying ignorance by presumption." I have heard one of the candidates for this year's Republican nomination describe Mr. Roosevelt in terms that added only verbal force to the main Jeffersonian contention.

Texts like this could be multiplied and are being multiplied. Jefferson, thinking of a fundamentally rural society, separated by great distances and bad communications, was averse to centralization, to governmental interference, to the slightest direction of economic life by government. What would he think of the A.A.A. paying farmers to grow less : he who was a famous model farmer and zealous improver of cultivation ? Would he not bless the Supreme Court which, reversing the precedents of his detested cousin, Chief Justice Marshall, put an end to the whole monstrous structure of N.R.A., the A.A.A. and all the rest of the tyrant's alphabet ? So argue the conservatives, nervous of the tyrannical powers vested in the federal government ; so talk the indignant admirers of Hamilton who only want a strong government when it is strong for them or for the interests they represent.

Yet there seem no signs that the plain people, the people in whose fundamental wisdom Jefferson trusted, even the American farmers whom he thought the foundation of the republic, are much affected by the propaganda of the Liberty League or the other bodies so handsomely endowed by the weathy Du Pont family. Why ? Largely, or so it seems to me, for reasons that would have appealed to Jefferson. He believed that the people was capable of judging between parties and men, that it could discount the smell of a red herring fairly quickly. He believed that it could see through fictions to facts. So the claims of states' rights coming from the State of Delaware strike no answering chord in many persons who think there was much to be said for the old states' rights of the resolutions of 1798. The horror of governmental interference which is felt by the embattled millionaires is not widespread ; it is not quite certain that Jefferson would have thought such interference so intolerable an evil that it would have blinded him to such new forms of old evils as those immense fortunes beside which the entailed estates of Old Virginia were as nothing.

This at least is the contention of the defenders of the experimentalism practised by Mr. Roosevelt. In the modern context, they assert, the old negative concept of liberty is inadequate. Freedom of contract has no meaning when the individual is faced with the great corporation; only by government action can the common man be put in a position to defend his inalienable rights. What Jefferson said in a wholly different context one hundred and fifty years ago is less important than the Jeffersonian spirit with its suspicion of hereditary claims to rule, whether asserted by great landowners or by big business men. To cling to the letter of the Jeffersonian creed is to destroy its spirit, and what could be less Jeffersonian than that, what more reminiscent of Jefferson's old enemies, the clergy? Did he not denounce the "interested and crafty individuals among them who inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors"? Indeed, it might be argued that the true Jeffersonian will studiously avoid taking too literally maxims drawn from his writings, since that involves binding one generation in the thought and institutions of another. But in America so completely sceptical an attitude is rare. The parties will quarrel over their respective rights to stand in the shadow of the great name. With us, what Mr. Gladstone said in '83 may be a joke, but that is not so in the United States. Mr. Dooley asserted, it is true, that "ye can't vote th' cimitries". American politicians are not so sure, and all this year there will be a determined effort to cast the vote of that founding father who, by his voluminous and not always consistent writings, best lends himself to the extraction of proof texts. It is rather hard on a great and versatile man that he should be treated so, but there is this consolation: whatever party wins this November will assert and believe that it did so under the ægis of the author of the Declaration of Independence whose death on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of that document seemed to set heaven's approval on the doctrines therein enunciated.

MRS. BOTTOMLEY'S BOOK

By Alastor Roy

" I have often fished in troubled waters, but
Spanish troubled waters I will never try again "—*Duke of Wellington.*

IT was raining heavily in Torras.

We had been told it never rained in Spain, and we had accordingly taken a cottage in the little fishing village for a month's sunshine. June in Torras, we had been told, meant thirty days of perpetual sunshine and sea-bathing, surrounded with the charms of a simple life amongst a primitive folk, unspoilt by modern improvements. The place boasted a herald, who issued proclamations to the sound of a trumpet; a night-watchman who sang the passing hours like the fellow in " Meistersinger ", and a castle which looked exactly like the setting for the third act of " Tristan."

The night-watchman was there all right, for he came round every week-end for his pay, but I never heard him at work. The herald was a sad-faced little person, who wore a threadbare suit of drab fustian—not a sign of the tabard I had expected—and the trumpet-call turned out to be two and a half notes on a wheezy cornet. I only heard him use it once, and that was to announce the raffle of an anæmic chicken. The medieval castle came quite up to expectations.

We had been installed for over two weeks and it had not stopped raining yet. Occasionally the wind blew as well. The streets began to look like Venetian canals; our front porch was permanently under water, and moisture exuded in green patches on the clammy walls and floor. We sat before a wood fire and listened to the hissing of the damp logs.

My wife eyed me. When you have to look after two small children and three large Spanish servants in a tiny cottage, where the kitchen is about the size of a small pantry, cooking

has to be done on a charcoal fire which goes out if you stop fanning it, and there is no bathroom, the presence of a husband can be lightly dispensed with.

" I think it is clearing up a little ", she said.

" If I don't get some exercise soon ", I answered, taking the hint, " I shall have a liver like a Strassburg goose ".

" Why not take Mrs. Bottomley's book to the Post Office and send it back? We have both read it, and the walk will do you good."

I went to the door and looked out. The rain had actually stopped for a moment, and already the village brats were sallying forth from the doors with raucous cries. Mangy, half-starved cats were crawling between the pools of stagnant water and sniffing gingerly at heaps of refuse on which fish-scales glittered like spangles. Under a shed opposite, a party of gypsies were squatting. There being nobody to beg from, they were passing the time in catching parasites in each other's hair.

Two of them immediately jumped up and followed me, as I picked my way down the street. They made such flattering remarks about my personal appearance that I felt it would be unbecoming not to recognize such appreciation and, turning round, I offered a coin to the girl—an astonishingly handsome creature, in bright rags and caked with dirt. She was quick to snatch it, but the boy was quicker still. With one movement, swift as a mongoose, he grabbed the coin and vanished. The girl pursued him for a few steps and then followed me, uttering plaintive cries like a wounded animal, until I had to give her another coin to get rid of her. She snatched it as a starved dog does a bone and disappeared after her relative.

As I opened the door of the tobacconist's shop, with its tinkling bell, an overpowering odour suggesting rancid olives, stale tobacco, salt codfish and the breath of garlic, rushed to meet me.

" Buenos dias ", I said to the puffy-faced individual with a fierce moustache who lounged behind the counter.

" Buenos dias, Señor ".

" We are having a lot of rain ".

" Si, si ", he replied. " No, no . . . "

" Si, si ", I said.

" We have had a lot of water this June ", he said. " This year, for June, we are having a lot of water ".

I had often noticed this habit of the natives of repeating their remarks backwards. It wastes time, makes more noise and involves no expenditure of extra thought.

" I want a light Havana cigar ", I began. " A Havana cigar I want. It must be light."

He took down a box from a shelf and studied the back with some attention. The word " Colorado " was clearly visible to me, even through the darkness of the shop. He held the box open for me to choose a cigar.

" I said I wanted a ' Claro ' and these are ' Colorados '. "

He again studied the back of the box.

" Si, si. No, no. The fact is that they often get the boxes mixed. They put the ' Claros ' in the ' Colorado ' boxes and the ' Colorados ' in the ' Claro ' boxes. You must look at the colour ".

" I am looking at it. They are quite dark."

He had the effrontery to offer me one which was almost black. I shook my head, gave it up and made for the Post Office.

Directly opposite the tobacconist's sat two elderly females in rusty black—all old women are clothed in black in Spain. They said " Buenos dias " severely, in a tone which obviously signified disapproval of foreigners. The hotel-keeper, who was refreshing himself with a tooth-pick after lunch, saluted me most cheerfully. He entirely approved of foreigners since he depended upon them for his livelihood.

" Buenos dias, Señor ", said the girl in the butcher's shop, an energetic young woman of some thirty summers, who was hacking the remains of a goat to pieces with an axe.

" Buenos dias, Manolita ", I replied.

In the next house lived the Mayor, a democratic individual, indistinguishable from the rest of his fellow citizens; and there was a red-haired girl there, always sweeping the patio, of which one caught a glimpse through the open street door. I don't mind saying " Buenos dias " to her for she is a good-looking wench, smartly dressed, with a roving eye.

" Buenos dias, Conchita ", I said to the red-haired girl.

" Buenos dias, Señor ", she replied, with a flashing smile.

There were only a few more salutations before I reached my

goal. Two of these were wasted on a pair of the village elders who sat, shivering, in the place where the sun ought to have been shining.

With a sigh of relief that I had reached my journey's end I went into the Post Office.

" Buenos dias ", chorused the three occupants of the room as I entered. There was an old woman in the inevitable black, frowning over her knitting by the fire. An elderly man rocked himself in a chair opposite to her, emitting clouds of acrid tobacco smoke. I knew the Post Mistress by sight, as I had often seen her, with her red umbrella, going her rounds distributing to the foreign visitors such letters as bore addresses capable of being read by her. It is just as well to keep on pleasant terms with her as otherwise you get no mail, for, in Torras, the postage stamp is not supposed to cover the cost of delivery. After all, postmen do not fetch letters to the Post Office from your house, so why should they carry them to your house from the Post Office ? Unless, of course, you like to pay ; and there is a tariff for delivery. It is five centimos for an ordinary letter, although the foreigner is usually so surprised at the idea of getting a letter at all in Torras that he gives the pleasant-faced woman ten centimos, especially if she smiles when she hands him the letter. The natives call at the Post Office for their correspondence—if any.

" I want to send this book by post ", I began. " This parcel must go by post. I want some stamps for this book, er . . . to post."

" We don't sell stamps here ", said the Post Mistress.

Of course I might have guessed they would sell stamps anywhere except at the Post Office.

" Where can I get them ? "

" At the tobacconist's."

" But I've just come from there ", I pleaded. I was tired of saying " Buenos dias ", and the thought of the gauntlet I should have to run between the Post Office and the tobacconist's and back again almost unmanned me.

" It's a fiesta today and the tobacconist may be closed ", said the Post Mistress.

I knew that on certain Saints' days this functionary only

opened his shop at odd hours, when only a Spaniard would think of buying tobacco, but I never knew what the close period was. In fact I never knew the time at all in Torras. There were two clocks in the place, one on the Town Hall which always stood at 11.25, and the other in the fish-market which suffered from weak hands, the position of which largely depended on the force and direction of the wind.

However, there was nothing for it but a return to the tobacconist's.

I escaped with only two or three " Buenos dias ", for the attention of the street was taken up with several women who were hawking fish for sale in flat baskets :

> All trembling alive
> With pink and grey jellies, your sea fruit ;
> You touch the strange lumps,
> And mouths gape there, eyes open, all manner
> Of horns and of humps.

I knew, of course, that the natives would eat almost anything which did not bite them first, but I did not fancy the thought of any of this " sea-fruit " on the dinner table, and hoped the cook would not notice it when making the purchases for the evening meal. The fish, such as were recognizable as fish by their shape, were extremely small, but the women could not have made more noise if a whale had come ashore.

I put my fingers in my ears and hastened to the tobacconist's. The smell inside was far less offensive than the noise outside.

" I want to send this parcel by post ", I said. " I want to buy some stamps. Can you, please, let me have some stamps to post this book ? "

" How many do you want ? "

" I don't know ", I replied.

" You must find that out at the Post Office."

" But I've just come from the Post Office."

" Well, you must go back and ask for the tariff. Perhaps you've got time before I close the shop. It's a fiesta."

" But haven't you got a tariff ? "

The tobacconist gave me a look. His face usually had the appearance of primitive chaos, void and formless, but it now assumed an expression meant to convey indignation, surprise,

and contempt. What fools these foreigners were! The idea of a tobacconist having a tariff!

He turned to sell five centimos worth of sweets to a child who had just entered, and I faced the street once more.

"Buenos dias", I said to the two old ladies.

"Buenos dias", said the hotel-keeper, "I think it will rain again soon. It will rain again soon, I think".

"It does nothing else", I replied. "Buenos dias, Don Pepe." This to the little cura of the parish church, the only one of the local priesthood who speaks to heretical foreigners (in the hope, of course, of getting something out of them) and who is, in consequence, frowned on by his black-frocked brethren. He obviously wanted to stop and have a chat, but I eluded him—a difficult feat—and after having "Buenos diased" the meat-shop girl and the pretty red-headed girl and the two decayed elders, I found myself back in the Post Office.

"Buenos dias", said the pleasant-faced woman, once more.

"Will you please tell me how many stamps I need for this parcel"? I asked the Post Mistress.

She took it and examined it gingerly.

"How much does it weigh?"

"I don't know", I replied, "about a pound and a half, I should think".

"The first thing to do is to get it weighed."

"Well, won't you please weigh it?"

"We have no scales here. The best place to get it weighed is at the tobacconist's."

"Look here", I said, my temper beginning to rise, "Torras is no doubt a very charming place, and the main street has its points as a promenade, but I don't want to spend the rest of my life walking up and down it in order to send a parcel by post".

The Post Mistress shrugged her shoulders: "We have no scales here."

I was clearly up against it. My irony was wasted on her imperturbable placidity. It is never any use to talk to a Spaniard with your tongue in your cheek, and it is fatal to lose your temper. Once you begin to argue, after doing that, you are lost in an overwhelming flood of verbiage. From the look in the Post Mistress's eye, and the way she licked her lips, I saw that she

was preparing to drown me with a torrent of speech if I opened my mouth. And, so far as I could see, she spoke the truth : there were no scales in sight.

But then there was nothing about the place to indicate that it was a Post Office, except a slot for letters in the outside wall. A few bentwood chairs, a table and a dresser formed the only furniture of the room and the walls were decorated with a portrait of San Narcisse, the local Saint, and two hideously coloured chromos advertising a brand of cigarette paper. I turned to go back to the tobacconist's.

At this stage the old woman suddenly intervened. Putting down her knitting and aiming a kick at the cat, she picked up the parcel and disappeared with it into the next room. Sounds of weighing were heard, and presently the old woman came back with the book under her arm and her hands full of small black objects, which had apparently once been weights.

" It weighs this ", she said, depositing them on the table, " but I can't read the marks ".

The Post Mistress examined the objects, aided by the old man, who put on his spectacles for the purpose, and a heated discussion arose. The woman maintained that one weight was a 6, while the old man, who remembered buying it some half century previously, claimed that it was a 9.

" Call it a 9 ", I said, looking over the shoulder of the Post Mistress, who was making hieroglyphics on a dirty scrap of paper. The highest total she had reached out of several attempts at addition was 413 grammes, and jotting this figure on the back of the parcel I dashed out of the Post Office.

I thought I heard the woman's voice calling after me, but fear of finding the tobacconist closed sped me on my way. One should never run in Spain, but I walked faster than local etiquette allows, and began to be horribly self-conscious of the amount of attention my movements were attracting. Every door and window seemed to have fresh faces, which saluted me with an alarming increase of personal interest.

The tobacconist rolled a bilious eye on me. He was engrossed in the business of selling a 5 centimos cigar to a client, who, to judge by the fumes he radiated, had recently been dining, and garlic had obviously formed one of the principal ingredients of the dishes.

I held up my offending parcel timidly.

" It weighs 413 grammes", I said. " Call it 420."

As I spoke, I had a horrible misgiving that this would mean nothing to him.

It didn't.

" Well, how many stamps do you want ? And the shop is closed."

" But can't you tell me yourself how many stamps are required ? Approximately, perhaps. I don't mind putting on a few too many."

He shook his head. " I told you we had no tariff here. You must ask them at the Post Office."

I began to feel that three weeks in Torras had perhaps produced some form of mental deficiency in me. Probably I should have to go to a nursing home to recover from my holiday. It was quite true that he had told me that he had no tariff, and now I remembered that the Post Mistress had shouted something after me when I left the last time. If I had not been in such a hurry ! One should never be in a hurry in Spain ! However, I was determined not to return to the tobacconist's if I could help it. I would buy a supply of stamps. They would always come in useful.

" Give me ten pesetas' worth of stamps ", I said, ignoring his remark that the shop was closed. He stared at me and shook his head. I thought probably he had not got ten pesetas' worth.

" Well, sell me all you have."

" That's against the regulations. Besides, someone else might want to buy a stamp."

This seemed so unlikely that I was about to make a flippant remark. But I remembered myself in time. The tobacconist was a State official. If his dignity got between me and the purchase of a stamp my parcel would never leave Torras. Finally, after a short interlude of irrelevant conversation, he agreed to part with three pesetas' worth of stamps, and I hastened away with them.

The afternoon was closing in. It was getting dark and beginning to rain again, and although the two elderly females had disappeared and the two antiques had been taken in for the night, the street seemed full of people shouting " Buenas tardes ".

It was like a horrible nightmare. A whole crowd of young women, just released from a factory, where they were employed in the unromantic trade of producing ready-made corduroy trousers for the fishermen, were marching up the street two by two and greeting relatives, whom they had not seen for at least two or three hours. From the warmth of their salutations one would have thought they had just returned from a cruise round the world. Unfortunately several of them recognized me. They all said " Buenas tardes, Señor ", and I had to answer. Hoarseness added to my irritability. However, I was still able to say " Buenas tardes " when I entered the Post Office.

" I hope this is the last time I shall molest you this evening ", I began. " The tobacconist hasn't got the tariff and can't tell me how much it costs to send this book by post."

" I was going to tell you that ", answered the Post Mistress, " but you went off so quickly ".

" Never mind ", I said, " it was very thoughtful of you. But I think I have got enough stamps with me. How much will it be ? "

She picked up the book and looked at the address.

" Where is it going, Madrid ? "

" Yes."

She shook her head.

" We only have the local tariff here. I don't know how much it will cost to Madrid."

This was the last straw. I sank down on an empty chair, exhausted. The thought of having to go back and admit my incompetence to my wife was too much.

" Hail Mary " ! said a voice at the door.

" Conceived without sin ", chorused the inmates of the Post Office, and the little cura crossed the threshhold.

He shook hands all round and then, pulling up a chair, sat down next to me.

" Well, Señor ! " he began, " What's the news ? "

" Could you tell me where they keep the nearest postal tariff, if any ? "

" At San Martin."

An idea seemed to strike the Post Mistress.

" We might telephone and ask San Martin."

I raised my hand in deprecation. " God forbid ", I said. I had seen the instrument working. It was at the other end of the village, and if the operator happened to be operating he seldom could get a connection. If he got a connection, the other fellow was out ; if he was in, he couldn't understand a word you said. No, no. Anything rather than the telephone. Better walk the twenty kilometres to San Martin.

" Why not give it to the carrier " ? he suggested.

" Well, we could do that ", said the Post Mistress, " and he could find out tomorrow at San Martin what it costs ".

My imagination had been stimulated by the afternoon's adventure, and I foresaw the possibility of dreadful complications. The carrier would probably bring the book back after having found out the postage at San Martin and I should have to begin all over again. But the chance of getting rid of the parcel was too good to be missed.

" Very good ", I said. " I'll leave the book with you. You get the carrier to send it off in the morning and I'll refund his expenses and give him a tip. Shall I make a deposit ? "

" Oh, no ", she said, with true Spanish courtesy, " that is not necessary ".

" Come along, Padre ", I said to the cura, " you've saved my reputation. Let's go and have a vermouth ".

* * *

Next day, as I was standing in the porch watching the rain, I saw the Post Mistress's umbrella coming down the street. In response to my question, she called out that she had given the parcel to the carrier and would ask him what he had done when she returned that evening.

When next I saw her, she said she had seen the carrier but had forgotten to ask him.

The next time, she said she had asked him what he had done with the parcel but he had forgotten to tell her. " Mañana ", she said, and I knew then that all hope must be abandoned.

When I saw her after that I did not trouble to ask any further questions.

Nor, as far as I know, did Mrs. Bottomley ever receive her book.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

MORE than fifty years ago the old Lord Houghton said to Sir Charles Dilke that he was glad to have lived in a Whig world. That was the world of great positions and great possessions inherited, leisured culture—and low income tax: certainly very pleasant for the privileged. In much less than another half century those who were born about the time when Lord Houghton died will be saying that they are glad to have lived in a bourgeois world. That was for good and for bad a world of individual freedom, when a man was entitled not only to have his own thoughts but to express them articulately. Such a world does not submit to be closely organized, but as things go on, we are made ruefully aware of the strength which is conferred by organization; and if it comes to a trial of force the organized must win every time. Organization cannot be improvised; those who have it ready get too long a lead in the early stages of a contest. Germany very nearly beat Europe because it was incomparably better organized in advance. Germany had made the necessary sacrifice of individual freedom—though with nothing approaching to the completeness that is now exacted from that formidable country. Yet so far as we know, the individual German is today as free as the individual Italian, and probably freer than the individual in Soviet Russia.

Will Italy Join Germany?

Beyond yea or nay, if these three States combined they could crush all that is left of freedom in Europe. Fortunately this combination is not thinkable; there are variations in the tyranny of the hive which discriminate these servitudes and render them mutually hostile. But it seems more than likely that Italy and

Germany will join hands to assert their predominance over such neighbour States as cherish old-fashioned ideals of personal and national independence. In one sense, their own ideals are irreconcilable, since the *Führer* wants ascendancy for the German race, and the Duce claims it for the Italian people. But Europe is large, and Germany has, as yet, no claims on the Mediterranean, nor is Italy concerned about the Baltic ; and they are united by a common detestation of the Russian ideal which differs from theirs in being applicable to all peoples. So far as one can judge, the Russian ideal aims at making the underdog topdog in all places, and does not care what the breed may be. The ideal is professedly international ; yet behind it is the driving force of a national enthusiasm. That play *Tovarich* rang true ; the old Russian will recognize a comrade in the New Russian so long as he serves Mother Russia.

Kulaks and Paysans

Yet in fact, as all can see in England, and even in Catholic Ireland, the Bolshevik ideal makes a wide appeal by reason of its universalism, just as the principles of the French Revolution did in their time. Russian examples, and perhaps even Russian direction, have counted for much in the remarkable phenomena now to be observed in France. Do they amount to a revolution, as some observers hold ? If so, there is an end to French *bourgeois* freedom, for either the revolution will set up a state on Russian lines, or counter-revolution will destroy these beginnings and establish a Fascist regime. For my own part, I do not expect either of these extremes ; chiefly for one reason. Russia's example has taught us what may happen to *kulaks* under Bolshevism, and no country in Europe has so large a proportion of *kulaks* as France ; nor, I think, is the *paysan* (to give him his proper name) anywhere else so truly educated. What is more, every *paysan* is a trained soldier. So of course is every other adult male in France, but if it came to trouble, the peasants would be the better material.

Paris can no longer impose its will on the provinces. Modern communications are too quickly responsive, and even a countryside could be mobilized with great rapidity in response to news that travels faster than sound-waves. I do not think that M. Blum aims at anything which would be revolutionary in the

Russian sense. Doubtless there are men, and even leaders, to his left, who may; and they might conceivably overthrow M. Blum in Paris. But if it came to that he would have France and its *kulak* peasants behind him to resist a confiscatory change.

All that happens in France is of untold importance to Great Britain, because if the essentials of freedom are to be preserved in Europe, France and Great Britain must work together, with a closeness of understanding that up to the present has been sadly lacking. So far, Great Britain, a democratic country, understanding the necessary impediments in democratic working, has had to mark time in European affairs until the new French government should be fairly in the saddle. Unfortunately marking time does not mean progress, and the Fascist dictatorships have been busy, individually, and it is probable, also busy between themselves. But increased solidarity between the Great Powers that stand for freedom is well worth waiting for, and M. Blum's notions upon European policy appear to be in line with the main trend of British opinion, so that collaboration should be reasonably possible. His internal measures are not, strictly, Great Britain's affair; yet it is plain that France under his direction is going to try out experiments which may have great value for other free countries. National control of armament making and national control of the national Bank are no more revolutionary socialism than national control of the Post Office, and both of them may allay grave suspicions that hamper the action of all democratic governments. As to the universal forty-hour week for labour, this means no more than that France, which lagged behind Great Britain, has moved a step in advance; it is not twenty years since French labour was agitating for *la semaine anglaise*.

The Forty-hour Week

All the same, those of us who know France a little, and love France a great deal, will watch with anxious interest the result of these far-reaching interferences with the peasant's life. You cannot carry on the agriculture of small holdings to the rhythm of a forty-hour week; and that is the way of life most intensely characteristic of France. Already one has heard all over that lovely country complaints that the young are turning away from

the laborious life of the land. They are going already from long hours of labour with very little cash payment, to work in the towns with more clear leisure, and with what an Irishman calls "dry money in their fist." In a vineyard on the edge of Burgundy, whose wine had more than a local reputation, vintagers were busy on the great sun-gathering slope; but several of the long vine rows were out of cultivation, unpruned and unweeded. I questioned one of the vintagers—an old man working with three or four women. "It's the same way everywhere," he said; "the young think it *un métier pas intéressant*"—a trade with nothing in it—"*Quand les vieux sont morts, il n'y aura plus de vignerons.*" Please heaven, it will not be so bad as that. But neither the vineyards of Juvigny nor those of the Côte d'Or can ever be worked on the basis of a forty-hour week. Fortunately M. Blum is none the less a Frenchman because he is a Jew, and one may trust Frenchmen to see that Socialist notions do not interfere too gravely with the cultivation of *la terre*, to say nothing of the vine. Yet his advent to power brings nothing to reassure the *petit rentier*, eager to escape from the clutches of *la vie chère*.

Still, somehow, France will go on being itself; a country which combines great readiness for far-reaching experiment with the most tenacious conservatism. Every month, twice every month, a small illustration strikes me. I can remember when the English *Spectator* went through a crisis of heart searchings before its directors decided to issue the paper cut; I can remember the protests from old-established readers who complained that their Sundays were now deprived of a ritual occupation. But that was nearly fifty years ago. Take up today the most famous of all reviews, and you will find that you still must cut the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the top, the sides and even the bottom of its pages. Is there any reason conceivable except a rooted and widespread dislike to change? Or again, to take a somewhat more serious instance, is there anything but a fierce conservatism which decides that France shall not be able to get rid of its present Parliament until four years are out—not even though it should, as is quite possible, bring the country's affairs into abysmal disorder? England had a short way with the last Labour administration, and a strictly democratic way; but

France is, by its own conservatism, clamped into the control of the present five or six hundred representatives and cannot break the cinch by any means that France recognizes as constitutional.

Real Power for M. Blum

One thing, however, seems—certainly not sure, but at least reasonably to be hoped for. M. Blum's administration may be able to move. France was sick, all Europe was sick, of perpetual changes in the Government of France which meant always more of the same thing. Impetus is now about to be given. There must be a real force in the movement that brought M. Blum into power because it was not checked even by the sudden shock of Germany's move into the Rhineland. If it were felt that the security of France's frontier were imperilled, M. Blum's tenure of office would be short. But democracies are suspicious, and while a democracy can be persuaded that preparations for security are really a device for putting money into the pockets of private armament makers, preparations may be neglected. Take away that argument, and any French government—for that matter, any British government—will find it less difficult to obtain democratic support for a policy of arming in defence of freedom.

Cabinet Indiscretions

Meantime in England, it is to be supposed that policy is in preparation; though if we accept the view that policy must wait on armament (it was accepted by so good a Radical as Sir Charles Dilke), policy must wait a while yet before it can be venturesome. Sir Thomas Inskip appears to inspire confidence, as Minister in charge of the co-ordination of defence, and Sir Samuel Hoare should be efficient at the Admiralty. But something must be decided about Great Britain's attitude towards Italy, and that decision must in reality be Mr. Baldwin's; and as I write, his mind is not disclosed, or even dimly indicated—except by the fact that Mr. Eden remains at the Foreign Office. But it would be idle to deny that his administration as a whole has lost prestige over the episode in which Mr. Thomas figured so unhappily. What matters most is not the individual indiscretion of a minister,

but the disclosure of a general laxity in discipline. Mr. Gladstone would have been horrified no doubt by the leakage of a budget secret through the carelessness of a Cabinet Minister: but I think his greater fury would have lit upon the letter in which Mr. Baldwin acknowledged Mr. Thomas's resignation. "My dear Jimmy," it began, and went on to say that Mr. Baldwin would have done exactly the same thing if he had been placed in Mr. Thomas's position. One does not see Mr. Gladstone putting himself even by the most hypothetical stretch of imagination in that particular predicament. F. S. Oliver had a condemnatory phrase which fits this situation; he would have said that there was too much "old chappery" about the whole business. Mr. Thomas is suffering from other people's lack of discretion as well as his own. By his very remarkable qualities he had risen from a working man's status to be a high-placed Minister of State, and that in itself is a severe test of character; but it grew ten times harder when with a very few companions he thought it right in a national emergency to break away from the affiliations which were, at least formally, ties of class as well as of party. That needed very great moral courage, but it also called for very great wisdom in the man who made such a choice. Leaving, as it appeared to millions, the party of the poor for the party of the rich, such a politician owed it to his own credit to be careful that money bore no part in the inducement. What is more, his well-wishers owed it to him and to themselves to bear this in mind. But evidently enough he found himself among men who were spending lavishly, and he liked to do as they did; liked it so well that he forgot what he should have remembered. In fairness it should be said that when politicians were attacked as those Labour men were who helped to form Mr. MacDonald's first National Government, one or two at least will tend to disregard all criticism, and say: Talk till you burst yourselves, you shall have plenty to talk about. That may account for much in the case of Mr. Thomas. But if a Prime Minister and a Chancellor of the Exchequer are on terms of Christian names with a colleague, they are on terms to tell him that a Cabinet Minister who is not a rich man cannot be allowed to gamble, or associate with gamblers: not for any reasons of puritanism, but simply from common sense.

Mr. Thomas has spoilt a notable career. This does not alter the fact that he has been worth more to his class, and to the State, than most of those in his class, and out of his class, who are rubbing their hands over his discomfiture.

President and Supreme Court

In the United States again we are presented with a singular commentary on the disabilities of democratic freedom. Four years back, when things looked as ugly as they could, a very able energetic man claimed power to act on behalf of democracy, and acted. Things became less ugly. Then the safeguards of democratic freedom came into play, and it was asked whether anyone had the right to give him the powers through which he acted ; and from the supreme authority, the answer has been reiterated, No ! No ! and again No ! What was done cannot altogether be undone, and there is no means of forcing the Supreme Court to consider and report on what would have happened if things had not been done unconstitutionally. But it is settled that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor any other shall continue to use such powers, or assume them again. In fact every means by which democracy could be enabled to cope with an enemy enjoying the advantages of dictatorship has been condemned in advance : though no doubt if war came, the Supreme Court would go into abeyance, and if it found fault, would only find fault after the necessary things had been done. Still, even as it is, in times of peace, it seems pretty certain that Mr. Roosevelt will get another term of office ; not at all clear to us outside how he and the Supreme Court are going to get along together.

Far East and Near East

In China we have a caricature of the Western democratic ideals—more specially of the American : while Japan provides example of a State, so to say, naturally Fascist which did not need to be hypnotised into the instincts of the hive, but possessed them from the beginning. Democracy in China allows itself with more than European liberality the licence to find fault with authority, and at present, now that a considerable degree of real power is exercised by Chiang Kai-shek, Southern China endeavours to lessen that authority by outbidding his pretensions to national

spirit. And meanwhile the state where nobody challenges authority, whose obedience is automatic, following a general impulse, cuts into the body of China as a knife cuts butter, and awaits the chance of an excuse to slice more boldly. But who in Europe really knows what freedom really means in the East, and whether China under Japanese administration would be less essentially Chinese? Nearer home, European ideas of freedom are setting up strange ferments along the coasts of that sea which is European, Asiatic, and African. In Egypt the principle of nationality, accepted by Europe, is being asserted; and once more it seems as if the English, chief champions of this principle, are disinclined to let it have full expression where England is concerned. *The Times* published a leading article which suggested that in the negotiations preliminary to recognition of Egypt's sovereign independence, the military advisers of the British Government were insisting upon conditions being imposed which the Egyptians found it hard to reconcile with an Egyptian view of what national independence should be. Mr. Eden denies this statement with some brusqueness, but the negotiations drag on. Egypt no doubt desires to be ensured against the chance of becoming a fief of Italy. But if she feels herself treated as a fief of England, she may well seek better terms elsewhere.

In Palestine again the question of nationality raises problems to which no solution is clear. Had England, had Europe, any right to hand over Arab country to the Jews for a National Home? The official answer is that they did not do so: the Jews were to find a home among the Arabs. But both Jews and Arabs hold that they did; one side presses for fulfilment of the pledge, the other rages against the fact that it was given. Lord Balfour had a great name for statesmanship, but he left his country with a *damnosa hereditas* in that particular mandate. Arab resistance has reached a point at which only drastic military measures can impose a check. But a democracy has always great difficulty in sanctioning drastic military measures, and the more it knows of the crude details, the less willing it is to be drastic.

In the Danubian region, Hungary and Austria emphasize their disposition to cling to Italy and avoid all close relationship with the Little Entente. It is clear that Italy is by far the most

powerful guarantor of Austrian independence (if that is the proper term). The conclusion is that, since Germany looks to friendly relations with Italy, such ambitions as Germany may cherish must be directed elsewhere. Naturally the Little Entente makes a display of drawing together. But the key to the situation is in Poland. Has Herr Hitler that key in his pocket? It is not so sure.

The Baltic

For another region where trouble may come is the Baltic, and here Poland is acutely interested. So are its neighbours further East; but England, which proclaimed its indifference to the fate of Poland in 1920 does not need to make a similar avowal concerning Lithuania and Estonia. Yet, is it possible for Englishmen to have no concern about those other Baltic States from Finland westwards which maintain something more approaching to the English conception of free citizenship than can be found elsewhere in Europe? Denmark, lying nearest, is in many ways the most intimately connected with Great Britain; but all Scandinavian lands are in sympathy with her, and have followed her leadership at Geneva. For more than a century they have steadily adhered to a course of pacific liberalism (on which, strangely enough, they were launched by one of Napoleon's best lieutenants, the Gascon Bernadotte) and European statesmanship has had little anxiety from them or for them. Yet a book recently published, the *Life of Carteret*, by Mr. Baring Pemberton, reminds us how particularly unstable was all ownership in this area, now apparently so stabilised; and how closely England was involved in the intrigues concerning a group of little states, bordering the Baltic to north and south. They were then to Europe what the Balkans are now, a field strewn with powder mines. Fortunately for all, England is no longer directly concerned as she was when her kings owned Hanover; yet in plain truth Denmark is far more vital to England now than Hanover ever was. It is curious to look back on the story. Carteret's first important public duty was to attempt (in 1719) a reconciliation between the conflicting claims of Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and Hanover to various territories and privileges of trade in the Baltic region. Denmark and

Sweden were then ambitious predatory powers : Russia was an overshadowing menace : Prussia began to be formidable, and even France had a finger in the imbroglio. The chapter in which Mr. Pemberton describes the methods by which Carteret brought about a " pacification of the North " is the most valuable part of a book which as a whole, unhappily, lacks interest.

Mr. Pemberton is not to blame, though Carteret was by consent of his contemporaries (especially of his opponents) the most brilliantly endowed statesman of the age. Yet we cannot get to know him as we know (for instance), Bolingbroke, because in a period when letter writing was in fashion, and at its very best, Carteret, though the greatest of readers, was too lazy to write. On the question of why a man so gifted with charm, eloquence, and knowledge, and so willing to work, yet left a record of failure, Mr. Pemberton has shrewd things to say : but for a more illuminating appraisement, one should turn to Oliver's observations in *The Endless Adventure* on this contemporary of his central figure, Sir Robert Walpole. " His character lacked that kind of rough holdfast strength that is required for the adventure of governing men. . . . The miscarriage of his foreign policy was not due to its inherent defects, but to the inability of its author to maintain himself in power." In short, Carteret had the will to power, which draws a man to the political life, but he would not face the drudgery of politics. And so, though so vital to his contemporaries, so vivid and so genial a figure, he is to us, even after we have read Mr. Pemberton, only the shadow of a name. But he is remembered as a politician who loved letters with a real scholar's devotion, and it is a pity that a book which dwells on his scholarship should be disfigured by such blunders as *en seconde noces*, which at least is not misleading. But *mala sarta gratiæ* is a sad deformation of *male sarta gratia.*

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE MAID

By J. Middleton Murry

SAINT JOAN OF ARC, by V. Sackville-West. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10*s.*

It is not easy to grow tired of reading the story of Joan of Arc—no matter who tells it. After all, hers is a story of which the essence cannot be changed. Scholars and pedants may quarrel over the details; but the details are unimportant. Psychologists and men of religion may come to loggerheads over the nature of Joan's voices; yet it does not matter very much. For no one can doubt the completeness of her own conviction that she was inspired by God.

She was a wonderful creature. No doubt much of the light which seems to shine upon her through the darkness of her times is legendary; but more than enough of the radiance of the simple human being remains to draw our imagination towards her. And if ever in innocence was blazing, it was hers.

The marvel is, not that a being so candid should ultimately have been caught in the world's great snare, but that she should have prevailed so far against it. And we must hold it to the credit of the dim and mysterious age in which she lived that it had room for such as she—dangerous room, for it was difficult to be inspired by God and not become a heretic, and heresy was a fatal condition to be found in. But there was at least a universal readiness to expect the *kind* of thing she was; without it the rapidity of her success is inexplicable.

Probably, we tend—under the influence of the hagiographers—to exaggerate the rapidity of that success. By inevitable process it has become a little more miraculous than it was, and the impression remains even in so careful a narrative as that of Miss Sackville-West. Even she cannot help dramatizing the story at moments, for though she does not conceal, she minimizes the evidence that Joan's reputation was widespread before she began her journey to the king.

And well it deserved to be; for whatever we may think of her "miracles," or her military achievements, her reputation as a truly great woman (though she was only a girl) rests on a sure foundation. The record of her behaviour during a trial that lasted three months and a-half, during which, utterly alone, she was examined day after day with all the pitiless subtlety of a tribunal of mediæval theologians, is astonishing and unchallengeable. Here are facts. "Speaking with some experience of courts of law, and with some acquaintance with the literature of trials," said the late Sir John Macdonell, "I know of nothing comparable to her bearing under pressure and strain which would have broken down the most heroic." The evidence of this more than heroic demeanour is derived not from her encomiasts, but her enemies; and it shows us a girl in whom inspiration and common sense went hand in hand. They were, indeed, more inti-

mately allied even than that well-worn metaphor suggests; they seem rather to have been obverse and reverse of the same medal, aspects of a single and unique capacity. We may call it just genius; but there are many kinds of genius. Joan's genius seems to hover—but solidly and certainly—between that of Socrates and Jesus. It was a simple clarity of vision which even the sceptic would naturally call divine.

It is mysterious; it was mysterious to her. Indubitably she experienced it as a kind of visitation, and probably it was her own effort to achieve some mental grasp of the phenomenon that made her bring it into categories familiar to herself. When Joan said she "saw" angels and archangels, it may be doubted whether she saw anything at all in the ordinary sense of "seeing." Her hesitations and vagueness when she was pressed by the doctors to describe her visions suggests the effort of one forcing an inspiration into a familiar language that will not contain it. And probably Joan's natural language was visual to an extent which we, poor victims of the printed word, can hardly imagine. Her straining to see angels, and her failure to grasp them visually, may well be a particular form of the mystic's inevitable necessary failure to express his certainty in language.

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What is astonishing—and the divine simplicity of Joan is such that one forgets that it is astonishing—is that her inspiration had such definite practical ends. Possibly this is an effect of the strange foreshortening of history; and she may not have been quite so certain as she now appears to have been that her sole mission was to turn the Godons out of France. That is what has impressed itself on history: for the good reason that she came so near to doing it. But even at this distance of time we are conscious of another element in her purpose: she was concerned not merely with the national and military rehabilitation of her country, but with its moral and spiritual regeneration. The army she led was to be an army of Christian soldiers, in the true sense of the phrase. For a moment she nearly achieved that too. It is possible, and to me it seems probable, that in Joan's mind the second of these purposes was quite as important as the first. They were not separate purposes; they were one purpose; and the achievement of the former really depended on the achievement of the latter. For myself, I think something of this order is required to explain her strange pertinacity in clinging to her man's clothes, and the depth of her distress when she was required to part with them. The explanation given by Miss Sackville-West, that it was a practical precaution against sexual violence, seems to me almost grotesquely inadequate. I suspect that her man's clothes were intimately connected with her religious mission—perhaps symbolic of the condition where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

However that may be, Miss Sackville-West has told the story well. Rather unexpectedly, her management of her material is superior to her actual style, which is hardly simple enough for the matter.

CARAVAN ON THE SPICE ROUTE

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THE SOUTHERN GATES OF ARABIA, by Freya Stark. *John Murray*. 16*s*.

"WE are brought up to painful efforts rom our childhood," Miss Stark explained apologetically to the Emir and is wife at Makalla when she set out with er four beduins and one of the Emir's uards for the Hadhramaut. His wife, oo shy to speak before her husband, ooked at the departing traveller with ity. Miss Stark was not the first uropean traveller in these regions by ny means, but she was the first woman o go alone. It required a courageous ind. This was no modern Amazonian tunt; indeed occasionally I thought ane Austen might have written such a ook had the female been emancipated n her day—there is the same stoicism, hrewdness and irony, but directed with ympathy, upon a curious social scene s enclosed in its way as the society of Vinchester was. Perhaps one does not magine the author of *Pride and Prejudice* n a donkey attended by half naked men lyed with indigo; and prying tactfully nto the minds of beduins by the camp re. She would have remained in Aden r those other places where pleasant moluments from petrol and flying have ecome the perquisite of the right people who a generation or two back were in rmy, Law or Church.

The Hadhramaut country lies between den and Oman. From Makalla, the ea port where the journey began, cargoes f incense are still shipped to Aden, but he immense and even sacred riches of his trade which once supplied the altars nd funeral pyres of Nineveh, Jerusalem nd Rome, have long ago dwindled to the rice of a few tons still gathered in the remoter valleys. Miss Stark's imagination had been moved by the stories of the old incense road that led from the southern gorges of Arabia northward, and she hoped to go from town to town, each built against the rock of the Wadis like little Corbusier models, until she reached the ruins of Shabwa, once the richest, most guarded, most privileged city of the trade. Illness—measles is the humiliating plague of these towns—prevented her from achieving this; but what it took from her with one hand it gave with the other. If she had not lain ill fending off the politely offered but drastic cures of these people—the hot flat iron on the bare back, incarceration in a darkened cave, etc.—and helplessly watching the domestic life of the harems where she stayed, the peculiar stoicism, acuteness, serenity and sensibility of her character would have had so much less opportunity to charm us. In any case, Miss Stark is not one of those travellers who remain outside their picture. Like all creative artists she is in her work. One sees a country and people who have the fascination of old and rare jewels in a rough setting, through a temperament nervous and aristocratic. And she can write. The well bred traditions of English near-Eastern literature are delightfully maintained by her.

Very early the four beduins became attached to her, and her guard—made responsible for her life by the Emir—got correspondingly more jealous and sullen. She caught their talk. It was about poetry, tribal wars and the values of their guns and knives. One played the flute. There was once a rumour of a robbery ahead and the beduins and the soldier were found to hold views—

nowadays unpopular in Europe—which might have come straight from Geneva. The Beduin or modern Chicago-European view was that you took what you could if the man did not belong to your tribe; alternatively he bought you off. On the plateau of the Jol, the arid, tireless, tableland, there occurred one of those small episodes which add mystery to the tedium of travel. A boy appeared from nowhere and sat to eat with the party. No one greeted him or questioned him.

"Where does he come from?" I asked.

"Probably from a cave. Men live in the ravine."

He ate and sat with us and vanished in the darkness as he had come."

Miss Stark makes no giggling or declamatory stunt out of being a woman alone in her camps. She believed rightly that it is better to travel alone anywhere and particularly in Arabia. There is always an undercurrent of comedy in her situation among the tribesmen, so rooted in thoughts of their quarrels, so formed and protected by their rituals, so fanatically intent on their few but essential interests, the elemental concerns of those whose life is governed almost exclusively by the instinct of self-preservation. This austere, half noble and half cynical road life had a warmer and civilized counterpart in the medieval castle habits of the governors' houses where she stayed in the towns. Here she was among the women, dyed, pretty creatures, chattering about their relatives in Egypt, Abyssinia and India, shocked by her use of scented soap, displaying their clothes like children. She heard the family scandals and quarrels, saw the domestic problems caused by slaves who weep to be sold into another town because, perhaps, they have a child there. She heard, too, young wives sing melancholy songs of their own composition about their husbands who after marriage leave them for years or a life-time to get jobs abroad. It is a region of lonely and melancholy women, absorbed in the jealousies and niceties of harem life and looking with affectionate pity at the foreigner who choses to move from their house and go on from town to town. Only at one place was she badly received—owing to some tactlessness of which she herself was not guilty—and there she narrowly escaped being stoned from the place.

Signs of the West are appearing in these forgotten towns. The Birmingham tray is there, the Western dressing table has come to the Sultan's guest house in Makalla. His best dining-room chairs were upholstered with pink plush roses. And:

> Mother-of-pearl ash-trays, a bronze equestrian figure, photographs of royal parties—the German ex-Kronprinz in one foreground—beautified the walls or sprouted about on small occasional tables. Over all this the happy-go-lucky East had spread its casual veil; dust and cigarette ends lay there, left by former guests; bats flickered in and out; mice ate one's clothes in the chest of drawers. . . . When the evening came, and the sweet shrill cry of the kites, that fills the daylight, stopped, 'Awiz appeared with three paraffin lanterns, which he dotted about the floor in various places.

But in Tarim, though the rich live outside the town in new casino-like buildings and golden sovereigns are preferred as coat buttons, while a visiting bridegroom may arrive in a motor car with the headlights tied up in flowered calico, the religious will still avert their eyes and draw in their gowns from pollution as the infidel passes. And in the evenings "the young men of leisure drive out to enjoy their sunsets" in gardens hidden in the cliff wall, where with carpets and cushions spread they sit and drink their tea. How long ago is it since the smart young man in any Western capital went out to enjoy his sunsets?

A DEFENCE OF DICTATORSHIP

By GEOFFREY WEST

LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE : or How to Make a War About Nothing, by Wyndham Lewis. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS, artist-pamphleteer, has been acclaimed by Mr. Roy Campbell, poet-satirist, in the metaphor of a bull-fighter (" I am only a banderillero in the cuadrilla of that great matador "). A lesser admiration may well prefer the analogy of the bull itself —a bull in a red herring shop, a wild angry being who assails violently without discrimination, perpetually rushes off on false trails, and when he attacks the right object does so almost invariably for the wrong reasons. The fine fury —or anyway the fury—of his loyalties and antagonisms permits him to base his conclusions, or for that matter his whole argument, upon the most arbitrary and to most minds inadmissible assumptions.

For instance, his book is on the face of it about that next European War which so many people today seem to accept as inevitable, an attitude he rejects and seeks to controvert, for in his view neither the people of Britain nor anyone in Germany wants war, and no one anywhere—save the ubiquitous Communist—stands to gain anything at all. So far, or nearly so far (for his iconograph of celibate, vegetarian, Epictetus-like Hitler will stick in some throats), so good, but the book has a deeper essential basis, summarized in three queries which are declared to be really the same question on different levels. They are: (1) " Are you for centralized government, or for decentralized government ? " (2) " Are you for the Super-state of Internationalism, or for the Sovereign State of non-International Politics ? " (3) " Are you for yourself or for Man-in-the-Abstract ? "

Already the assumptions are appearing. Mr. Lewis is rooting just as hard as ever he can for decentralized government, the Sovereign State, and himself, as against centralized government, Internationalism, and what he calls Man-in-the-Abstract. He assumes, that is, that the three first alternatives are mutually identical, as also the three second ones. No Sovereign State, that is, can present a centralized government, or fail to represent the concrete individuals inhabiting its confines. If, therefore, an unhappy German Jew in Breslau, dispossessed of his civil rights by decree from Berlin, thinks himself a victim of centralized government, he is in error, though conceivably a Durham miner, knocked off the dole, might be quite right in thinking so, in view of the degree to which Great Britain, by supporting a League of Nations which includes Soviet Russia, has given hostages to Internationalism ! These are frankly hypothetical cases, not to be laid at Mr. Lewis's door, but he reaches other conclusions no less extraordinary, as when he declares democracy a farce in Britain (a very arguable case) while *simultaneously* asserting its reality in Nazi Germany. " It was a pure parliamentary democracy that voted in—*as nearly by democratic vote as it is humanly possible to get*—and has periodically confirmed in power, the great patriot who is now the ' Dictator ' of the German Democracy." The italics are mine, and were seldom better deserved.

It is upon a succession of such postulations that Mr. Lewis builds up his argument, which is essentially that

Britain, at the bidding of International Finance, has got on to the wrong side, supporting France and Russia and threatening Germany and Italy against all her own true interests—and for the realist, the abstraction-shunner, he insists, "charity begins at home." Our statesmen, he believes, have resolutely closed their eyes of late to all that is evil in Communist dictatorship and all that is good in Fascist dictatorship—and in order to right the balance reverses the process with no less absolute fidelity, typically treating of the Italian-Abyssinian war without any reference either to gas-bombing or, more fundamentally, to Mussolini's deliberate disregard of League promises and obligations incurred, in this particular case, at his own previous insistence.

One does almost begin to wonder whether there is anything at all in the book to make it really worth reading for the man of moderate view, who prefers to keep his vision of both sides clear. It is not quite as bad as that. At the worst, Mr. Lewis is a stimulating writer, waking one to vigorous contradiction if nothing else. He does good, moreover, in his stress upon the existence of a German case against her post-War treatment by Britain and the other signatories of the Versailles Treaty, and his doubts of democracy, his questioning of the reality of the freedom of the Press, and his exposure of the hypocrisies (or perhaps merely the blindnesses) of eminent Churchmen who cry out against evils abroad while seeing nothing of those at home, have all elements of value. His greatest error, however, is his apparent view that "the Great War No. 2" can be prevented or evaded by a simple declaration of Britain's refusal to participate upon the side of France and Russia—*and nothing else.* Something very much else will be needed, and something much more positive!

GOVERNMENT IN THE THIRD REICH, by Morstein Marx. *McGraw-Hill Publishing Co.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE serious study of a society where "propaganda has acquired the role of the principal process of government" is something new in the way of political science. But if novel, none the less indispensable. Dr. Morstein Marx, of Harvard, has made a brilliant success of it, thereby, incidentally, floodlighting the shortcomings of the orthodox approach. If there are some American verbosities which will aggravate the English reader they are redeemed by a sprightly style and a delicate irony which enables the author to "get over" a prodigious amount of erudition.

The German people, then, is the object of propaganda, and its exclusive contribution is to absorb the approved creed. Like most commentators Dr. Marx enjoys himself hugely at the expense of the Popular Enlightenment which "has kept the nation in a trance." As the end of the four years' mandate sought by Herr Hitler approaches, his conclusion is that the awakening of Germans to a recognition of the perilous economic course to which their country is committed has really exposed the weak ideological foundation whereon the one-party State rests. At the same time he does not underrate the potency of the mumbo-jumbo of metaphysics and mysticism with which the "state of national community" is maintained.

Not the least interesting section of Dr. Marx's book is his historical background study showing how and why the German people are predominantly "authority-minded." The strength of the civil service, with its admirable heritage of executive self-reliance as well as ant-like industry, is well brought out, and the author is moved to indicate that this bureaucratic tradition, though badly battered, is the one "objectifying influence" today. W. H. C.

VOYAGE TO GALAPAGOS, by William Albert Robinson. *Cape.* 8s. 6*d*.

ALL the adventurers I have met in the flesh have had a self-regarding eye; "How'm I doing?" was their spiritual theme-song. It is perhaps inevitable that men who frequent the edges of the world should romanticise about themselves and those edges, otherwise they would not come together: unbegla-moured, the edges must generally have little attraction. And so they call one another Old Timer, or its local equivalent. But it is when they come to write their books that the self-regarding eye develops its worst double-vision: squinting along the gun-barrel in a tight place, it can also reverse its sight and watch the owner getting out of the fix, with manifest enjoyment. The marvellous thing about William Albert Robinson, who wrote *Deep Water and Shoal*, was that he seemed to be free from all that kind of self-consciousness.

Now Mr. Robinson has written a second book, *Voyage to Galapagos*, which I would not have missed for anything; it continues the saga of his amazing 30-foot-ketch, *Svaap*, and parts of it are as good as anything in *Deep Water*, which is very high praise indeed. But Mr. Robinson's keen, amusing, outward-looking eye is learning to swivel alarmingly in the adventurers' manner. Occasionally now he writes of "my sailor's intuition whispering to me," which would have been unthinkable in the old *Svaap* days, and advises "Never put faith in anyone else's judgment against your own in your own field of knowledge. Pilot your own ship as you would your ship of life." Oh, quite, quite, but——

Is it the touch of domesticity that has done it? As he points out, only too often, he has lately "married the only girl in the world who could have shared this crazy life of mine, and loved it." (But the *Deep Water* Robinson would not have thought it crazy, or if he did, would not have lived it.)—"Such a man's woman as one might not find the world over." Surely domesticity, though noticeably fell for adventurers, need not be as fell as all that? And it is bad luck on one who is undoubtedly an intrepid, hard-wearing and intelligent girl that the author should set up in the reader at the beginning a Mrs. Robinson-resistence by paragraphs like this:

> The picture in my mind remains today as clear as it was those days on the Atlantic, and later on the hurricane-threatening Caribbean or the rolling blue Pacific. It is the picture of a slender girl standing at the wheel, bracing herself against the heave of the little ketch, soft golden hair whipping free in the breeze, blue eyes gazing steadily ahead to a distant horizon, and now and then at the compass or aloft at the sails. . . . From my bunk I could see her there—the light of the binnacle casting a faint glow upon the oval of her face, vaguely suggesting her delicate features.

That must have been very nice for Mr. Robinson, but somehow it is not an experience that shares well, while most of his others emphatically are. There is the long account of their race with a hurricane which is literally breathless reading at times, even though the reader knows that the author must have survived, to have written the book. And the account of his operation for acute appendicitis at the back of beyond is—contrary to the story of every operation that anyone else has ever had—extremely funny and moving and as exciting as the hurricane. The business of the wild dogs on Albemarle Island—the peculiarity of the gallinazos—Señor Sanchez and his beautiful house: three quarters of the book are enchanting, which makes it all the more important that Mr. Robinson should cure this touch of adventurers' eye before it becomes chronic.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON.

BRIDLE PATHS, by A. F. Tschiffely. *Heinemann.* 6*s.*

SONG FOR SIXPENCE, by Geoffrey Pollett. *Longmans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

HAVING ridden thousands of miles through jungle, desert and mountains, Mr. Tschiffely has now made an even more adventurous journey; from the New Forest to Scotland, a paradoxical kind of pioneering; the rediscovery of Cobbett's England.

Now as to such a journey, one's prognostication would have been, first, that he would break his neck: to tour tarmac England by horse is a more dangerous undertaking than to ride from Buenos Aires to Washington. Or if he escapes with his life, he will find no stable for his horse, no oats, chaff or hay at any inn; hardly a bed for himself anywhere off the motor routes. And if he searches for the old bridleways he will find them either tarred and motored or fenced up and forgotten, for the horse is dead as mutton.

But no, it is not even as dead as horse. Avoiding as far as possible the modern "nerve-centres," Mr. Tschiffely found that his appearance on horseback opened countrymen's hearts: farmers directed him over their cart-paths; stables were provided; fodder was to hand; and one inn-keeper even tried to get him to mediate between him and his wife.

The reader who knows a little of rural England will have suspected that there is still a good deal of horse sense where hoardings are scarce: not of the hunting, racing category either, but the kind that is used in tavern gossip; the higgler's pony, the yeoman's cob. But he will be surprised to find the freemasonry so flourishing, as Mr. Tschiffely reports.

Mr. Tschiffely found the heart of England, not geographically but organically. A knowledge of the horse pertains to the old arts of life: thus equipped you meet country people on their own ground: you are part of the land you travel. The book ends with suggestions for an Equestrian Touring Club. Why not? The automobile has its Association, and motors were not exactly welcomed with open arms by the country; but every countryman is a friend of the horse. Cobbett insisted that the only way to see England, the essential England, was on horseback. Perhaps his words are true today.

Mr. Pollett is also something of a pioneer, in travel and in human nature. The more ordinary it becomes to visit the wild places of the earth, the more men's insatiable thirst for adventure leads them to discover what is under their noses.

Simply what Mr. Pollett set out to do was to get to Bovey Tracey to see some friends. Being a poet, he had no money; so he peddled his poems. Judged by results he was a great success. He made three poems take him from Sussex to Cornwall and back again, and feed and lodge him the while. The price of it was physical fatigue and occasional endurance of that violent rudeness of which the Englishman is capable when disturbed at a meal. He had three hundred copies in his pack, and with these he went knocking at the doors of villas and bishops' palaces, and the homes of well-known men and women.

Even if you do not read the book straight through, you can, by means of an index, satisfy your curiosity as to how the "great" behave to the stranger (with no social pretensions) at their gate. It is a crucial test. Mostly they were literary folk. Only the writer can guess what he misses when he grunts sourly "Not today," even though in the trance of composition it would seem superhuman to say anything else. What a pity that a number of the great names Mr. Pollett called on were not at home.

All this on the proceeds of three poems —and still Wales and Scotland to be peddled. In the meantime Mr. Pollett will surely compose three more. There need be no end to it. ADRIAN BELL.

THE RULE OF TASTE, FROM GEORGE I TO GEORGE IV, by John Steegmann. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In an age like ours it is pleasant to be reminded of old enthusiasms and bygone controversies. Mr. Steegmann, whose book deserves the praise which it has received, sets out to show how Taste began to take form soon after the expulsion of James the Second; how it crystallized into rules and became Correct Taste; how Horace Walpole and a few others perceived the beauty of Gothic art and challenged the kingship of Palladio; how people in due time responded to the charm of *chinoiserie;* how, after the French Revolution, they redoubled their ancestors' admiration of the Ancients; how during the Regency they "succeeded in combining incongruously but successfully a rigid austerity of line with a hearty vulgarity of adornment;" and lastly (writing with some tartness) how as a result of the Reform Bill, democracy and general education, taste collapsed for lack of a strong and intelligent direction from the few. He uses the word Taste as though it were a synonym of "fashion" and by so doing may confuse many readers if they suppose that the finer a man's taste the less will he be at the mercy of fashion.

The book is packed with knowledge easily handled. It glitters with provocative but well-weighed judgments. Moreover, it contains a dozen illustrations which do actually enrich the text. Most readers, too, will owe to Mr. Steegmann their first introduction to a number of architects, garden-designers and even painters who had genuine talent and were of importance in their day.

Those who cannot resist the beams, mullioned windows, deep-cut window-seats, wide stone fireplaces, twisted chimneys, formal gardens and all the warm gracious beauty of a Tudor manor-house may be dashed by Mr. Steegmann's indifference to things so English and so fair. Others may wonder why, having stated that George the Third "had a great anxiety to be associated with major artists," he should append the words "feeling that this might add lustre to his position." Some, no doubt, will wish to get at him when they read that "England in the beginning of the nineteenth century was becoming commercially so prosperous that there was not much time for honesty, and politically so democratic that there was not much demand for intelligence."

It is delightful, on the other hand, to be made by Mr. Steegmann to share his enthusiasm for George the Fourth, not as a king but as an art-patron of exquisite taste, for everyone who reads this book will find himself thinking more kindly of the Regent.

CLIFFORD BAX.

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JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS, by Graham Greene. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

MR. GREENE'S *Journey Without Maps* took him some 350 miles on foot through Liberia, an inadequately explored African republic chiefly notable for an experiment in Negro self-government and a profusion of tropical pests. He himself is not an explorer in the geographical sense of the word. He met with many discomforts but few adventures, and his interest was chiefly in the human side of the picture. "When one sees," he writes, "to what unhappiness, to what peril of extinction centuries of cerebration have brought us, one sometimes has a curiosity to discover if one can from what we have come, to recall at which point we went astray." In this sentence he supplies the key to the whole book.

I do not think he satisfied his curiosity. Perhaps too much cerebration had been brought to bear on the creation of Liberia and the Americo-Liberians who nominally rule it had imported too much sophistication of the Tammany Hall brand for the country to have been really well suited to his purpose. But he met a host of strange and interesting people, a president, a military dictator, chiefs and commoners, tax-collectors and professional Devils who in private life were mostly blacksmiths. About all of these, about his journey, and most of all about his own mental reactions he has written a book which is singled out by the quality of its prose, the consummate artistry of its descriptive passages and the sincerity of its purpose for a very high place in the literature of travel.

Mr. Greene has a fancy for suddenly transporting his readers from Liberia to civilization and back again. Without warning he snatches you from a native village and drops you in the Cotswolds, at the Gare St. Lazare, or in a flat off the Strand. By so doing he makes his contrasts vividly and effectively, but his purpose is usually—not always—to show you something rather nasty, a vicious old man or a dead dog in a child's pram. After a time one begins to ask whether there is not a touch of jaundice in his outlook, and whether his maplessness journey would not have been a more cheerful affair and no less serviceable to his end for an occasional dose of mental liver-salts and a constant star to steer by.

That these reflections should arise proves that the book succeeds, as only a good book can, in making the reader a travelling-companion in spirit of the writer. It leaves him, however, with an unsatisfied curiosity, for Mr. Greene had a travelling-companion in the flesh—a cousin. He has, it is true, an example in Sir Samuel Baker, who spares only a brief line to tell you that Lady Baker spent most of her time treed by a rhinoceros while he was catching fish in the Nile. Mr. Greene goes one worse. He does by a chance word disclose his cousin's sex, and he tells you that she did not quarrel. But on how she fared with the rats, the mosquitos and the villages which were so depressing that there was nothing to be done in them except to get drunk, he is tantalizingly silent. Perhaps she, too, has written a book, and he chivalrously does not want to queer her pitch.

The reader who wishes to get the best value out of *Journey Without Maps* will do well to buy from H.M. Stationery Office, as a companion volume, a little book priced 1*s.* 6*d.* and entitled "Comd. 4614." It consists for the most part of reports to the League of Nations on the affairs of Liberia and is extraordinarily interesting. It was instrumental in sending Mr. Greene there, although on most people who read it it will have the opposite effect. With or without its help *Journey Without Maps* remains a book which for its sustained brilliancy and far from infrequent flashes of genius everyone should read.

LAWRENCE ATHILL.

THE ENGLISH CASTLE, by Hugh Braun. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

FRENCH CHÂTEAUX OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, by Angus Holden and Ralph Dutton. *Allen & Unwin.* 5*s.*

NOTHING could better illustrate the difference between the English castle and the French château than these two books. It is a difference that seems inherent even in the various renderings of the Latin word "castellum." Our harder consonant rightly suggests the great stone fortress built sternly for defence, but in an age and against dangers so remote from us that its aspect of utility has yielded to one of enchantment and romance. At this date "castles in the air" would be no less fantastic structures if they appeared on mounds instead of cumulus. But the Frenchman's "château en Espagne" is surely the ambition of his practical mind, removed by some miscalculation from his own ground to his neighbour's. "Château" suggests trees and comfort in a sheltered valley—a place where the owner may live in philosophic leisure, rather than use his military strategy to stand a siege. Our sieges are over and our castles derelict, while the château is still inhabited, not by a custodian, but as a country seat. This accounts for the respective schemes of the two accounts before us. Mr. Braun views his subject historically, moving forward in time. Messrs. Holden and Dutton, who described the English Country House, have simply shifted their ground across the channel to continue geographically (and for greater ease in reference, alphabetically) across the departments of France.

One may be excused, when reviewing a Batsford publication, for dwelling on the photographs before the text. In this case they are emphatically the main feature. Their technical perfection, richness of atmosphere and sheer beauty do more than whet the appetite for castles. Here are the towered walls of Caernarvon, looking as new as when Edward I constructed them, the rugged curtain walls of Conway, the Gatehouse and twelfth century chapel of Ludlow—where the earliest setting of Milton's "Comus" may be still seen if imagination amend it. Accompanying and explaining these impressive pictures, Mr. Braun's plain narrative leads us from the earliest earthworks, such as Maiden Castle and Badbury Rings, to the Norman fortresses. He shows how, by "inventive evolution" as it might be termed, the design of the castle was varied and adapted to secure its safety. He is concerned with the military structure alone, and at once abandons his diminished edifice when it becomes a mere fortified manor house, or, as the late Lord Curzon described Walmer, a "castellated residence."

For in fact the Englishman's home is not a castle. The Frenchman's almost has to be a château, if he is not to blush for it. While these also may achieve noble proportions, and have not been without their engines of defence, they are mainly typified by large-windowed façades, steep roofs and pinnacled turrets, proclaiming the "stately pleasure-dome" in an era where ornament is allowed its place. The authors of this useful handbook have set out a clear guide to each château; it includes descriptive and historical summaries, name of owner, price and hours of public admission. The explorer who has paced round our bleak fortress-shells may feel a contrasting warmth of welcome as he finds in every château a complete interior, furnished and inhabited (crimson brocade and priceless furniture embellish Chenonceaux, to take one example); an interior which, by the distinguished owner's generosity or business sense, he is in many cases allowed to enter "at all reasonable times."

SYLVA NORMAN.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

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HE RISE OF EUROPEAN LIBERALISM, by H. J. Laski. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

ROFESSOR LASKI has provided us with his book as a background to his *he State in Theory and Practice.* riefly, its thesis is that Liberalism roughout its history has meant liberty r the business man and the subjection the rest of society to the power of his oney. Through the last four centuries political thinking Professor Laski aces first the effort of the business man free himself from the restrictions to hich he was subject, then his attempt to lentify morality with what suited his wn interests; finally his capture of the tate power and his readiness to abandon, the first attempt to claim it for a ass other than his own, his allegiance the liberty which he had proclaimed r so long as a universal principle. age after page of fine and sensitive etoric exposes the essentially prag- atic quality of Liberal philosophy, the tter callousness of Liberal practice. ne after another of the Liberal thinkers quoted to show how one and all elieved as firmly in slavery as any ncient Greek, and believed not merely slavery, but in poverty and misery as ell, as being necessary for the founda- on of a state of civilization.

The whole of this portion of the book moving and erudite, and in the course it Professor Laski coins many phrases hich deserve to live, as when he calls urke "the great watershed of English olitical philosophy." Yet the book as one serious defect. Professor Laski aves off his analysis just where he has e hardest case to meet, that is, at about century ago. At that time the era of pitalist expansion had by no means ded, the workers in most countries ere apparently still well "in hand," erything seemed set fair for the dustrialist and financier. Philosophy, e churches and the State all combined to further their purposes. They seemed destined to advance to ever greater dominion over an ever greater proportion of the world. And at this time, when they had the world at their feet, the Liberals proceeded to put shackles upon themselves and to admit to power those whom they had hitherto oppressed. It is true that the shackles were light, the power largely illusory, yet it was that illusion, as much as any other cause, which led the oppressed classes to expect the reality and to demand it. Who indeed can refuse to the Liberal spirit the triumph of having bred a generation so false to its own interest as to limit its own liberty by factory acts and humanitarian laws? It is a wise child that knows its own father, and Professor Laski might be wiser to moderate his contempt for a spirit of which he is the legitimate inheritor.

ALAN M. WELLS.

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SELECTED FICTION

A HOUSE OF WOMEN, by H. E. Bates. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE CAMEL, by Lord Berners. *Constable.* 6*s.*
SEVEN RED SUNDAYS, by Ramon J. Sender. *Faber & Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MANY of Mr. H. E. Bates's short stories have suggested the influence of D. H. Lawrence. Not that Lawrence "could have written" this or that story, that they were to be taken as better or worse than the master's; but the debt was there. The sexual clash—that look of recognition, at once imperative and hostile, between strangers, which so often surprised us in Lawrence—seemed occasionally borrowed in the younger novelist. Their landscapes have something in common. Rather less obviously there is a similar toughness in both when they are describing country manners, a love of native dourness and stubborn speech, which is the counterpart of their feeling for nature. The resemblance perhaps goes no further than that, and yet reading *The House of Women* I have been reminded of Lawrence again.

The House of Women is certainly the best of Mr. Bates's novels, and probably the best book he has yet written. The opening passage, describing a family turning the hay under a sky that threatens rain, is not only an excellent piece of descriptive writing, which fixes this family in our memory at once, but an image of the life which by the end of the book will be destroyed.

> "If we can git this done," Tom said, "and it holds off, and we can git carried, I don't know as we shan't ha' two crops off o' this meadow yit."
>
> "When did we get two crops last?" Frankie said.
>
> "Seven years ago," the mother said. "I remember that. 1898—that were the year. Two good crops. It come hot about hay-making and then it broke directly and we had wet till August time . . ." she was babbling on in a sudden fervour of reminiscence, raking and panting and talking and whipping the grey hair out of her grey eyes in a constant fever of activity, "—and then come September we had it hot again and we——"
>
> "Ah, mother, git on," Tom said. "Git on, do. You'll want that breath."

Impossible to think of this tradition of sullen labour as being broken, the big farmhouse falling to pieces, the family dying out, and yet we know from the first page that this is what will happen. The eldest son, Tom, marries the barmaid of a local pub. Rosie is superbly strong, passionate, exuberant in speech and gesture; she goes to take her place in the farmhouse which is guarded by its women with Nonconformist stubbornness; and it is her vitality against theirs. She wins. The women can't stand up to her. Not even her confession of an illegitimate child can give them the strength to turn her out. The men go to the war, and Tom comes back a cripple, incapable of directing the work of the farm, the only life he knows, or of keeping his wife's love. He dies, the farm is mortgaged, and only Rosie is left able to walk out into some sort of new life. We see her at the end, middle-aged and still with a touch of jauntiness, going off with a friend of the old pub days.

The resemblance to D. H. Lawrence? Well, one sees it in the women's characters, the depiction of hatreds and old age, the decay of the family and the triumph of Rosie's vitality. She is, I may say, a better achievement than any of Lawrence's portraits of women, except the picture of his mother in *Sons and Lovers*; and Mr. Bates never

kes the mistake, which queered much Lawrence's work, of identifying al with sexual experience. *The House Women* must be compared with h stories of Lawrence's as *The ughters of the Vicar*; and it survives comparison.

The Camel is a delightful, if not very ginal, fantasy of English village life. e vicar's wife, who has memories of East, is astonished early one morning a ringing of the bell and the appear-e of a camel on the doorstep. It gives an almost human look and she takes n. The spectacle of the vicar's wife ing a camel becomes a familiar sight the village. Difficulties arise from camel's habit of magically but ineptly rying out his mistress's unspoken hes; a fur-coat is snatched from a y's back, the skeleton of a pet dog is nterred and appears on the lunch le, and finally the vicar shoots self. The story is wittily told in a nner suggesting the simplicities of re pious tales. Personally I found it rming.

Seven Red Sundays is an unwieldy el of revolutionary life in Madrid. ether or not it can be strictly called "proletarian" novel, I doubt. gives a vivid but confused picture of mmunist-anarchist activity, most of characters exclaim against bourgeois timent, but fall by other sentiments, ch do not seem essentially different, the writing is a curious mixture of ism and a rather naïve symbolism. ch of the material is interesting, and tough passages seem to me very ch better than the sentimental ones. or Sender has been compared by e reviewers with Malraux; but e is little ground for the comparison. d Communist writers are rare, and second-rate—like Señor Sender—alas, difficult to read and un-arding.

G. W. STONIER.

GOVERNMENT AND THE THIRD REICH

By Morstein Marx

8/6

The great merit of Dr. Marx's study is the thorough understanding of the whole background of National Socialism which he brings to his treatment. As a scholar and civil servant in Germany who had already established his right to speak with authority, he is uniquely qualified to to interpret contemporary Germany.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As can be inferred from Robert Bernays' analysis of the Parliamentary situation in this issue, **Sir Edward Grigg** has been an active influence in stiffening the Government's policy on defence and in other directions. He has always moved in circles where real political power resides. He was Dominions Editor of *The Times* before the War, military secretary to the King during his tour of the Dominions as Prince of Wales in 1919, and then private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George when Prime Minister. On African affairs he writes with the special knowledge gained in his six years' Governorship of Kenya.

Lord Allen of Hurtwood recently resigned from the National Labour Party owing to the declaration in its official organ that " we ought to admit that Italy has smashed the Covenant." Till then he had supported the Government by speech and vote in Parliament, though never compromising in his Socialism. He has always been a pacifist, and during the war he was three times imprisoned as a conscientious objector.

S. K. Ratcliffe's last contributions to the *Fortnightly* were the two diverting papers on lecturing experiences in America published last autumn. Since then he has again been satisfying the thirst of American audiences for knowledge of British and European affairs.

Robert Bernays sits for Bristol in Parliament as a Liberal of independent views. He was for years a leader writer and correspondent of the *News Chronicle* and after a visit to India for his paper made his name as an author by *Naked Fakir*, a study of Gandhi.

Sisley Huddleston and **D. W. Brogan** are well known names in these pages, and **C. J. S. Sprigge**, who is Financial Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, has made two visits to Italy to study conditions there since he wrote his estimate of the economic problem facing Mussolini at the beginning of the Abyssinian war.

Kenneth Williams, editor of *Great Britain and the East*, is a specialist on the Arabic lands of the Middle East, and published in 1933 *Ibn Sa'ud*.

Dr. Harry Roberts is not only a busy practitioner of medicine but a prolific author of books on the most various subjects.

Sir Robert Kotze is one of the best known names in South African gold mining. He was Government Mining Engineer of the Union, 1910-1926, and is now a director of some of the chief mining companies and a member of the Union Parliament.

Ernest Newman, our foremost music critic, writes a weekly article in the *Sunday Times*.